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**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

On the Western Front the Germans, as was to be expected, are profiting by the feeble resistance of Russia; but their efforts are being smashed by the fine resistance of the French, whose airmen are in great form. Our troops under Sir Douglas Haig are also fighting effectively against German counter-attacks. They lost for a time some advanced posts near Monchy, but these have now all been recovered. Italy has had an important success in the Trentino, capturing 936 prisoners on the Asiago Plateau.

If King Alexander of Greece goes on as he has begun we shall before long have a fresh Greek crisis on hand—assuming the last one to be quite over. In his first message to his people he virtually declares for his father instead of declaring for M. Venizelos. What are the real facts about the Greek people's attitude towards the war and the Allies? There is a strong disposition in this country to believe that the majority of the Greeks are in favour of war against the Central Powers. We, however, doubt that greatly, and have doubted it for a long time past. The Greeks got more than their share in the second Balkan War, and they are disinclined to risk any more at present. This is not the popular and general belief in this country—which believes in the magical wave of the Venizelos wand—but we fear it is the correct one.

The Lord Mayor of London has brought the subject of warnings in air raids into prominence by his suggestion that the great bell of St. Paul's shall be rung as an alarm. The Dean and Chapter do not think that this would be an effective means of warning. Opinions differ as to the desirability of announcing the approach of raids which may, after all, not come off; but we have no doubt that the majority of people would prefer a warning which would enable them to take cover; and we see no reason why they should have no opportunity to exercise their good sense because the curious prefer to risk their lives for a good view of the raiders.

As we said lately, the Russian revolution is in its origin largely or preponderatingly economic: there were—and are—immense masses of very poor people in Russia existing on the verge of starvation. The Romanovs were swept away because they had not the energy and imagination to deal with this mighty problem, which is still unsolved. Demanding "liberty" and "democracy", these poor people were really thinking of and demanding bread and the daily necessities of life. People in this country—many of them not only well fed and well housed, but even liberally endowed with considerable fortunes and substantial properties—who go about all day long crying "Democracy, Democracy! Freedom, Freedom! Long live the glorious Revolution!" have not comprehended the causes of the vast change in Russia now beginning. They have not grasped, for instance, the fact that the masses in Russia mean to have the land and a substantial portion of property in the country and towns. We are not here condemning that revolution or trying to set anybody against it in any way: Russia is an Ally, and any such course would be gaucherie and impertinence. We only wish to state facts and to remove the quite erroneous notion in this country that the revolution is one of vague, airy ideas having nothing to do with bread, land, money.

What is stirring in Russia will be stirring in all countries, Entente, neutral, and enemy alike: the masses will want more bread, more land, more money. Merely to give them flowery sentiments about "the Democracies" and to pledge them that "the Autocracies" shall one and all be put away will not be enough. Some countries will meet the demands of the masses and, by wise and bold acts of State before the War and the Settlement are over, will satisfy in a large degree the demands of the poor and less fortunate: in those countries there will not be bloody and confiscatory revolutions. Whereas in those countries where the demands of the masses are not attended to, but merely fobbed off with phrases about Democracy, Democracy, and so on, and where

reactionists have their way there will be revolutions, perhaps bloody, and certainly confiscatory. This war is sure to be followed by the greatest turnover in economics and in society that has ever been dreamed of even, and this turnover cannot be confined within the boundaries of the late Russian Empire. It will no doubt spread to Saxony in due season—so far, our soi-disant "optimists" who are predicting a revolution of the German people are right. But we must never quite forget that there are masses of poor in Anglo-Saxony too on both sides of the Atlantic, and they are a tremendous and ever-increasing national problem.

But this side of the revolution has been greatly overlooked in England. The whole Russian revolution has been misunderstood. On the day on which the Russian coup d'état was announced, with the defeat of the police, the abdication of the reigning family, and other like incidents, a friend, previously somewhat discouraged about the war, greeted us cheerily at his club—not an institution hitherto associated with sans-culotte propaganda. "Well", he exclaimed, "what do you think of the news to-day? Great, isn't it? Heard anything fresh?—you've something to do with the Press, I know". "What is great?" "Why, the revolution, man. The best bit of luck that has happened to us in the whole war. Now the Tsar's gone everything will be all right, and Germany cannot expect to hold out much longer, with the mark down fifty per cent. The war should be over by June. Ah, they understand how to run revolutions in Russia. Instead of a bloody business lastin' for years and upsettin' everybody, as happened in France a hundred years ago, they've arranged it all in about three days over there." Henceforth everything would be solid in favour of a thoroughly efficient working system against Germany. . . . "It'll be all over by August."

That was in April. The other day the writer met the same friend on the club steps again. "Well", asked the friend, "any news this afternoon?—you've something to do with the Press, I know. . . . I don't like the position in the East at all, do you? Thanks to that revolution, we may be inundated at any moment, you know, by Germans from the Russian front. . . . Rotten things, revolutions, in the middle of a big war. . . . Surely any man with his head screwed on the right way should be able to see that one cannot carry on a big war and a revolution at the same time".

General Smuts will be a real addition to the War Council. He has shown marked ability in many ways. He has experience both as administrator and soldier, and, as a speaker, he puts his broad views in excellent form. He fought against us so well that we believe in him now that he is for us.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is opposing the Conscription Bill in Canada, the second reading of which was debated this week. He might as well oppose the use of sand-bags or the rifle in war. The law of conscription is to-day become the law of self-preservation. There are a certain number of people at home and in Greater Britain who wish to stop the war and "fake up" a truce with Germany, and they are the natural foes of conscription as the first essential to a continuance of the war. Sir Wilfrid Laurier does not belong to these pacifists—far from it: he appears to be, rather, a pathetic survival of the old Liberalism before the war. He will, of course, be swept away, and shortly the only white country on earth where conscription will not exist as an elementary law of life will be Ireland. As for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's arguments against the adoption of conscription in Canada, they are curiously unconvincing. He wants a campaign of education first—the war and its casualty lists have not, so far, informed him! Secondly, he wants an election; no democratic country can have

conscription, it appears, without a general election ad hoc. If so, how can Great Britain claim to be democratic, considering that she adopted conscription without a general election, and, moreover, adopted it with her most trusted democratic party actually in power? Who that saw it can forget the sight of Mr. Asquith sitting on the Front Bench cheek by jowl with Mr. Bonar Law just before the passing of the first Military Service Bill, and the smile of exquisite joy on his face at the thought of having diddled his democratic supporters in and out of the House?

Nor do we think Sir Wilfrid Laurier can really have studied "the campaign of education" in this country which he desiderates in Canada. That campaign largely consisted in a brutal and debasing series of vulgar posters and advertisements, suggesting cowardice in those who did not instantly join up, and filled with trumpety trash about what your son or grandson would say to you if you did not go to the war. It was also accompanied by a white feather campaign and by similar inane movements such as the appeal to girls not to walk out with boys who did not enlist. We are glad to think that we never allowed a single one of those odious and undignified advertisements of the sham voluntarists to be printed in any part of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The King's order abolishing the German titles held by members of his family is welcome because it gets rid of an association which, even when it means little or nothing, has become offensive. The Duke of Teck becomes a marquess, and Prince Alexander of Teck an earl. Prince Louis and Prince Alexander of Battenberg both become marquesses. Territorial titles of enemy origin are to be generally dropped. The courtesy titles of "Prince" and "Princess" are also to be restricted; no more warrants for the titles of "Highness" and "Serene Highness" will be issued, and these titles will gradually disappear. "Royal Highness" will be confined to the children of the Sovereign and the children of the Sovereign's sons.

The appointment of Lord Rhondda as Food Controller is interesting. In the 'nineties D. A. Thomas was an independent member of a little group of active and able Welsh M.P.'s who largely, indeed almost solely, concerned themselves with the Principality. He was not so "fiery-real" as Ellis, Evans, and Lloyd George, and did not fight the Governments of the day so fiercely as they. But he was quite well recognised, among the few politicians who troubled to watch that group, as a man full of resolution and inner vigour. He was quietly employed in laying for himself the foundations of a remarkably solid future, and with the coming of Mr. Lloyd George into supreme power his public position was assured. It is true that the two by no means always saw eye to eye in politics; but the Prime Minister does not forget friends because they differ from him in opinion at times, any more than does the last Prime Minister; and he has a fresh and courageous judgment of men and character in public life.

We should think Lord Rhondda would do well in this menacing appointment. The food question is to-day by far the most serious one this country has to face, for there is no short way with the enemy submarines as there is with the blundering Zeppelins. Moreover, not far beyond the submarines there is the grave threat of a most formidable nature—the certainty that if every U boat were put out of action the world's supply of food must still diminish. Finally, when peace does come, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey will all demand food as well as the Entente nations. Then the world's food controllers will have to conjure mightily with their loaves and fishes.

Herr Hoffmann, member of the Swiss Federal Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Swiss



Government, has been using the Swiss official cipher for the transmission to Petrograd of German peace proposals for the benefit of Herr Grimm, a Swiss pacifist and Socialist. Herr Grimm has been expelled from Russia as a German agent, and Herr Hoffmann has resigned from the Federal Council, which has disclaimed all knowledge of his action in Petrograd. The incident shows the perpetual and underhand attempts of Germany to influence Russia, and the danger of Socialist propaganda which purports to represent independent action while it is secretly working for Imperial Germany.

Dickens—of course only in his unregenerate days—was used to make light of certain American types. Hannibal Chollop will be recalled who insisted that the American nation "must be cracked up". The British nation does not so much need to be "cracked" as cheered up in these days when we have to wait our turn in the queue for second quality margarine—for only the haughty know the taste of butter to-day—and when we cannot take a second slice of bread with a clear conscience. The best way to cheer us all up is wit, and wit discovered itself in the sparkling address of Lady Middleton at Malton the other day. Everything to-day seems "controlled", as she lamented—our pastures are to be ploughed up, our woods cut down, our national sports taken from us. It is to-day wicked to shoot or hunt, to race or to angle—unless, of course, one goes out with worms and a cork float, intent to catch chub and roach, and thus increase the food supply of the nation. One of the few reliefs from control appears to lie in fine embroidery, which will reunite us to the old happy, far-off things; so Lady Middleton recommends that for a solace. With women taking up our work in all directions, and doing it with greater éclat, some cheerful and light occupation is clearly needed for the few unconscripited males still left at the base. Embroidery and fine needlework clubs for non-fighting men might be worth considering.

One of the departments of the War Office which has not received the recognition due to it, is that of the Motor Transport Corps, which is a branch of the Quartermaster-General's Department. Sir John Cowans is the best Quartermaster-General that the Army has had. The Motor Transport Department had up to some months ago despatched 40,000 motor carriages of sorts to the different seats of war. Many were lost and destroyed in the retreat from Mons, but all have been far more than replaced. Repairs and renewals for all these motors are always kept in readiness to be sent out at a few hours' notice, and not a hitch has occurred in this service since the beginning of the war. A visit to the depôts is a great experience. Not only the motors, but drivers, men and women, have been found, and they are as a rule highly efficient. The credit for this work and its perfect results is due in the first place to the Quartermaster-General and his Deputy General, and for the execution of the thousand and one details to the Chief of the Motor Transport Section.

In 1854 the Brigade of Guards landed without any transport at all, and the authorities expected to find it on the spot. How are things altered! The strangest thing of all is that the persevering and methodical Germans, after at least twenty-five years' steady preparation, have not produced transport or commissariat so good as ours, which in 1914 were adequate to the wants of about 167,000 men: these have grown as the Army has done, till they are in perfect working order for millions.

The pre-war spectacle of women parading the streets with posters asking for the vote instead of pinafores was revived on Wednesday, but we cannot imagine that it had the least influence on the results reached that day in the Commons. Woman suffrage was accepted by the convincing majority of 385 to 55 in a free House,

the Government Whips being withdrawn. There was no "scene" such as the former militant party of the Suffragettes would have loved, and there was no novelty in the discussion of a question which has of recent years been debated ad nauseam. Sir John Simon put some obvious points well.

The objectors made a valiant effort to resist this momentous change, including a proposal for a referendum, but the chief honours of the debate went to Lord Hugh Cecil, who was in good chaffing form. The war had shown that women could do as well as men, and in some cases better, what used to be regarded as men's work. Voting was a very small mental task, which he could perform even when he had toothache. He thought the extreme advocates and opponents of the change viewed the matter in a wrong perspective, and imagined two "very interesting romances" written to support their points of view, the one being called "Saved by the Vote: a Tale of Lawless Love", and the other, "How Mother Voted; or, the Ruined Home".

Lord Buckmaster and Lord Crewe, following rather tamely in the path of the "Daily News", did their bit last Wednesday towards damaging the Entente cause in America by shooting a few venomous darts at the British Mission to the United States. So the last Government is getting more and more avenged and the present one more and more injured. They could no more, however, than "hint a fault and hesitate dislike". Indeed, Lord Crewe would not sit ill in some ways for a portrait of Atticus. He has all the respectability, all the worldly success; and he has at least instinct of letters; he had a father who wrote verses, and has performed himself once or twice. Lord Buckmaster is not literary. His forte is propriety. He is the most self-righteous man in public life to-day.

The correspondence on Italy and the Adriatic question which has been running in the SATURDAY REVIEW for months past must be now closed. It is a deeply interesting question, and many writers of authority have been debating it in these columns. We remain absolutely convinced that Italy after the war must be left to rule in the Adriatic. It is the one safe way from the Entente standpoint, and it must prevail. The great offensive of Italy to-day is an offensive which aims at this result. Nor do we believe for an instant that a modern Italy at length supreme in the Adriatic implies the sacrifice or reasonable disappointment of Serbia, which of course will have to be given good seaport facilities.

Before leaving the subject we may mention that we have just received, to our surprise, a budget of messages from the presidents of leading Italian societies at Rome warmly thanking us for the line we have taken. These messages are quick with sympathy and good feeling. The friendship between Italy and Great Britain is no new growth; it has flourished for generations, and when all the world was up in verbal arms against us, between seventeen and eighteen years ago, Italy stood fast as our friend. The Italians are great alike in liberty and in friendship. They are great, too, as Austria is once again learning to her cost, in war. We salute them.

Londoners in these days should not forget Kew Gardens because they are so near and accessible. The long burst of sunshine has dotted the flower beds with gay colours or snowdrifts of white blossom. Here are cool green vistas of splendid trees, a wealth of rare and familiar shrubs, and profuse clumps of delicately coloured clematis. The Rock Garden alone is worth going far to see, for it is carpeted with blossoms, and the tiny stream in it is a perpetual refreshment.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## THE RAIDS ON LONDON; AND REPRISALS.

THE enemy's daylight aircraft attacks on London and other towns are not so dangerous to the nation as his submarine campaign, because they do not interfere with our supplies of the necessities of life. We cannot be bombed out; whereas, unless we were able to deal with the German submarines, to fight them more and more successfully as time went on, and to sink them in greater numbers, we could be virtually starved out. As it is, the latest submarine figures make far from comfortable reading. Militarily it is on the whole correct to say that the attacks which have been made by airships and aeroplanes on English towns since the beginning of the war have achieved next to nothing of value for the enemy. They have killed or wounded scarcely any troops, and they have, so far as we know, destroyed next to nothing in the way of military works. On the other hand, if submarines gravely reduce our food supplies they do succeed militarily, food being ammunition: we think this cannot reasonably be disputed.

But though the air raids on London and other towns in the full light of day which have now begun do not weaken our fighting power or achieve any military success for the enemy, they are a serious matter, and it is only human there should be a public outcry and much indignation about them. The Lord Mayor's meeting in the City and other like gatherings and protests show there is a strong feeling among quite responsible and sane people: we cannot agree that the Lord Mayor and thousands of Londoners and English people throughout the country who are taking up this question and strongly expressing their views are afflicted by hysteria or are cowards. In fact, more common sense on this subject has been talked at public meetings lately and written in the daily Press than is commonly observable when some urgent war question of the moment has suddenly to be discussed.

The air raids cannot deflect the nation from its absolutely set, right purpose of defeating the enemy, driving him out of France and Belgium, and bringing him to terms, even though it takes years to do so; and whatever methods are taken to prevent and avenge these daylight attacks—which are sure to become more frequent, daring, and destructive to civilian life and property—we must be exceedingly careful to do nothing which will embarrass or postpone purely military operations at the British front in France and Belgium. On no account must machines or men be diverted from the great, masterful, ever more pressing work of the Army on the other side of the Channel. That is the first essential to be observed in any plans which may be made to prevent the attacks on life and property here. If we forget that in a sudden passion over the attacks on poor little helpless children and women we shall simply play straight into the hands of the devilish Power, Germany. It is exactly what Germany wants—she scores a valuable point if, through raising a storm of passion here, she can irritate us into retarding or embarrassing the operations of the Commander-in-Chief in France. What by a popular figure of speech is described as her "frightfulness" is actually a cunning military design: it is "according to plan" of the High Command in Germany.

Always with this proviso—namely, that machines and men must not be diverted from necessary work at the fighting fronts—we see no objection to reprisals on

German towns. If it be practicable to collect a big enough fleet of aircraft for effective use on Cologne, Frankfort, and other German towns that can be reached and bombed, we do not see why it should not be put to the test. At the time when we first favoured this policy, a year or more ago, after one of the horrible Zeppelin raids, reprisals had more foes than friends among responsible people in this country. We were in a marked minority. But a change has already come about, so that if a referendum could be taken of responsible people in London and scores of other English towns, it would be found that hundreds of thousands of good men and true—with perhaps a still larger number of women, for the women are in this matter very drastic—openly favour punitive-preventive attacks on German towns whenever an aircraft raid is made on a British or a French town and civilians are killed and wounded. It is true there are many people, some of them in high authority, not suspect of "sentimentalism"—there is at least one very remarkable instance in the Navy to-day—who object to this policy of reprisals. They are quite right to hold and express their opinions firmly, which we can respect without accepting. Indeed, people who have no views of their own on these great questions of the day, or who do not even, as second best, grasp at all firmly the views of others, are unworthy of the vote. To have and to hold no views on such vital, pressing questions as reprisals, conscript labour, nationalisation of industries, etc., is to be an *amœba*. Those who hold that reprisals are ethically indefensible must not be shouted down; rather, they should be argued with. They say we shall sink to the horrible level of the Germans if we adopt reprisals by aircraft on "open" enemy towns. That, we are convinced, is wrong. The French people believe in and have somewhat practised reprisals: who shall say that that people, humane, infinitely suffering, and brave—we weigh each of these adjectives before using it—has sunk? Then there is the analogous case of gas. That was not exactly a reprisal, but the same objections were earnestly taken by the same minds to our using gas in order to protect ourselves against the enemy; and now nobody takes objection to that course. It would be impossible to regard seriously at this time of day an objection to gas on the ground that in using it we sink to the German level. It might as usefully be argued that we sink to the German level by putting on their heads an immense and ever-increasing mass of shrapnel and high explosive.

Would heavy reprisals with "good effects observed" have the effect desired? Would they prevent the German air raiders henceforth from joyfully attacking open British towns? It must be conceded that conclusive proof of this is still wanting; but we think reprisals would have this effect. Conceive—we do not say it is practicable, but it is well worth considering—Berlin thoroughly well bombed after one of the customary air raids on London: what would the effect on the German people be? There is little doubt they would be thrown into a state of rage and consternation; and for the first time great masses of them would come to perceive in the English a far more dangerous enemy to play air tricks on than they had imagined. They know we are interfering with their food arrangements, that we are killing off their soldiers at a serious rate—the German casualty totals of well over four million indicate that—but they feel we cannot get at them in the Fatherland. Berlin, even, Cologne or Frankfort, well bombed, would tell them



a different story. We do not believe that if Berlin could be bombed each time after London was bombed the Germans would go on seriously with that particular operation. It would not be "good enough". We agree with Lord Rosebery, with Sir A. Conan Doyle, Bishop Welldon, and General Sir Desmond O'Callaghan, and not with Sir Edward Clarke in this matter. Sir Desmond O'Callaghan has been reprovved for the frank statement he has made in favour of reprisals as a means of punishment and prevention. But that gallant soldier and upright gentleman has uttered no word which any friend of his need wish him to withdraw. His honour and humanity are unsoiled, like those of the British and French airmen who lately punished a German town as a first step towards reprisals for the conduct of the enemy in torpedoing hospital ships.

Reprisals are, we hold, ethically defensible, and they might prove salutary. But the hands of the soldiers and sailors must on no account be forced. The civil population should let the military power know what it thinks about reprisals; but then it must be left to that military power at the War Office and at the front to decide at any time if machines and men can be spared from the supreme work of the day—namely, the defeat of the enemy armies.

#### THE NEW FOOD CONTROL.

THE appointment of a new Food Controller marks the end of the first phase of food control. We are quite out of sympathy with the attacks made on Lord Devonport. He made mistakes. He apparently lacked, as many "business men" do, the power of seeing a great problem as a whole. He had no touch of that revolutionary audacity that unusual times call for in administrators. Some of his measures proclaimed an incapacity to grasp fundamentals. But he accomplished a great deal of useful spade work, and has left his successor a solid foundation on which to build.

Lord Rhondda enters on his task with considerable advantages. Of a strong and orderly understanding, he is better fitted than Lord Devonport to distinguish between the great contours of the problem and its petty details. He has fewer of the limitations of the mere practical man, who, at great public expense, has actually to put two and two together in order to ascertain that they make four. After all, while theory may be overdone, some knowledge of economic law is desirable in a Minister charged with the most delicate of all economic tasks. A man armed only with a strong will and a comprehensive ignorance might use the "very ample authority" with which Lord Rhondda is invested to most disastrous purpose. The public, however, feels much confidence in Lord Rhondda; and the clear and moderate statement in which he has outlined his policy goes far to justify that trust. It is, for example, a sign of real strength that he proposes not to rely solely on ukases from Grosvenor House, but wishes to enlist the help of local authorities, co-operative societies, and other agencies of the kind. The head of the Food Control can fix the main lines of policy, and success or failure depends on the soundness of his scheme. But the best scheme will not work unless there is local effort and vigilance. Fully half of Lord Devonport's failures rose through the habit of saying "Fiat" and thinking that was the end of it.

Another favourable indication is the statement that Lord Rhondda's first efforts will be directed to a reduction in the price of bread. The French Government, more far-seeing than our own, has from the beginning striven to maintain a cheap loaf. It argued, in the first place, that dearthness of bread is the most prolific parent of social discontent; and, in the second place, it foresaw that, since a general rise of wages must follow

any great increase in the price of the staple food of the working class, there would be immense difficulties in industrial readjustment after the war. There is an incurable tendency, even among instructed people, to confuse real and nominal wages; a British workman of to-day would consider himself cheated if reduced to the Stuart money wages standard, even though that standard secured him, through the cheapening of rent and commodities, twice the comfort he now enjoys. Through artificially keeping down the price of bread the French Government has saved itself many labour troubles which we in England may yet have to face when prices and wages once again tend to the normal. For nearly two years, partly by good luck and partly by good management, cheapness was secured without loss to the State, though now, through the general scarcity, a considerable difference has to be made good out of taxation.

The experience of France will repay Lord Rhondda's study quite as much as the early mistakes of the German food dictators. One point he will do well to bear in mind. The natural consequence of a reduction in price is an increase of consumption. But it is imperative that economic law shall not have free play in this matter. Cheap bread is an advantage; an increased consumption of bread would be a disaster. Since it can hardly be expected that the very poor, at present only restrained in their appetites by the dearthness of the loaf, will ration themselves voluntarily, it would seem that some kind of compulsion must follow the limitation of price. For the necessity of husbanding national resources in food does not diminish with time. On the contrary, Captain Bathurst's recent speech and the latest official figures seem to indicate that, far from being defeated, the submarine campaign continues to be a graver danger to our shipping than might have been gathered from the published returns of the last few weeks. It is satisfactory to note that the Government is taking precautions of a new kind. The statement that large plant is being provided for the preservation of food shows an intelligent appreciation of the possibilities, which is doubly welcome because in so many respects we have hitherto been content with purely negative measures. But when everything is said and done, the fact remains that while the interval between now and the next harvest may be safely passed, the country is threatened with grave danger during next summer unless the greatest and most consistent economy is exercised.

The country looks to Lord Rhondda to deal with it honestly, to tell it the truth, if possible the whole truth, and in no case anything but the truth. It looks to him to take a broad view and a long view. It will stand much in the way of strong action. The masterful man, provided that his integrity and intelligence are beyond suspicion, is none the worse esteemed because he declines to leave the King's business to be polite to the three tailors from Tooley Street. But what the public will not tolerate is fatuous "optimism" ending in panicky disclosures. There must really be an end of the old alternation of "grave warning" and "reassuring statement". The public will not "eat the air, promise-crammed", as Hamlet says; it has already had too much of that unsatisfying diet. We should not think of offering these warnings to a man of Lord Rhondda's ability if we had not already seen many melancholy examples of the reputed strong and far-seeing man who in office loses both vision and courage.

There remains the question of "profiteering". That there is shameless brigandage which no efforts of the Food Control have so far succeeded in stopping or checking is certain. That there will be fierce opposition from powerful vested interests to any measures of reform is equally sure. Mainly through the criminal neglect of Governments in the past to protect British agriculture and prevent the national food supply getting into the hands of a few great international trusts, the difficulties here are greater than in most countries. A Food Controller has not to deal only with British subjects, but also with a cosmopolitan and soulless

organisation capable of meeting an attack in London with a counter-offensive on the other side of the world. In Germany the problem is much simpler, or would be but for the fact that the Government relies for its political support mainly on the great profiteers. In Germany, accordingly, while the Junker class is more or less immune, there is an elaborate and merciless machinery to deal with the minor offenders, and some sort of security exists against outrageous and universal exploitation.

In this country there has been, so far, little mitigation. The big fleas and the middle-sized fleas and the lesser fleas alike, having tasted blood, continue to suck. The gigantic profits secured, despite the Excess Profits Tax, prove the existence of an evil which grows, like appetite, with what it feeds on. The English, like the people of "Erewhon", think it a most tragic matter to see money dropping out of their pockets, and some of them are not willing to sacrifice any of it, though others are sacrificing their lives daily.

"Safe in their barns these Sabine tillers sent  
Their brethren forth to battle. Why?—for rent."

Safe in their business quarters the modern profiteers think little of the "imminent death of twenty thousand men" so long as the dividend approaches cent. per cent. But though the profiteer needs to be curbed, and must be curbed, the case is obviously not one for a kind of economic knight-errantry which will rescue the princess from the giant only to leave her free to starve.

Profiteering requires a very accurate definition. In one sense, everybody is a profiteer who has in any way increased his income during the war. The workman who has got an increase of wages—and we rejoice that poor people have got a few shillings a week more, as a slight set off against the vast rises in prices all round—is a profiteer in that sense. If, by the way, "democracy" means that the poor shall be a little less poor, and that the labourers shall work a few less hours normally for better pay than we should never have the heart to say a word against it. But we have been haunted, to tell the truth, by the uneasy feeling that some who cry "democracy" do not mean anything of the kind. As a fact, whichever "crazy" raises best the standard of life is the right one; and the others the wrong ones.

The profiteering which Lord Rhondda proposes to attack is illegitimate profit made out of the necessities of life. But to define what is legitimate and what is illegitimate profit is not easy, and great care will have to be exercised lest zeal to control profit result in drying up supplies. Something might, no doubt, be done, as in the case of Stock Exchange securities, by abolishing credit transactions and obliging speculators to pay cash. That would no doubt dispose of much artificial inflation of prices. But it may be doubted whether, in a period of real and permanent shortage such as the present, this mere gambling is a factor of prime importance, though it may occasionally lead to ephemerally sensational advances. The real temptation to profiteering comes from the willingness of the well-to-do to pay high prices for commodities of which there is an inadequate supply, and it is difficult to see how this element can be removed by anything short of control of supply, the fixing of prices, and the compulsory rationing of the consumers. We strongly suspect that Lord Rhondda, when he comes to the point, will be obliged to swallow the camel where Lord Devonport strained at the gnat, and decree a vast plan of State control and equalised distribution. It is perhaps possible to conceive a world in which the power of gravitation did not exist. It is quite impossible to imagine the chaos arising from gravitation acting with one degree of power in Northumberland and another in the Isle of Wight.

#### THE FALL OF ADAM.

AS the House of Commons has decided by a majority of over twelve to one to give votes to some six million women, further argument is useless.

"For now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic,  
And manhood is called foolery when it stands  
Against a falling fabric."

The thing is done, and we have merely to record the fact that woman has triumphed over man for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time since the debate in the Garden of Paradise. Let us hope with Lord Hugh Cecil, to whom we are really grateful for lighting up a dreary waste of commonplace with some excellent jesting, that the results will disappoint both the friends and the enemies of the female franchise. History teaches us that the results of great changes are never what their authors expect them to be. Would Luther have pressed his campaign against the Pope if he could have foreseen the Thirty Years' War and the theology of Tubingen? Would Washington have drawn the sword against England could he have seen the war of North and South? Perhaps the female voters will never combine as one woman against the males on such questions as war and drink. But what if they do? We know that Mr. Hughes was defeated in his referendum on compulsory military service, and we know that women vote in Australia; but we do not know whether all the Australian women voted against Mr. Hughes. We have heard that in certain provinces of Australia and New Zealand the female vote has enforced total prohibition on a thirsty minority of males; but our knowledge is not sufficiently accurate or authentic to warrant conclusions.

What is more interesting than the division, which was a foregone conclusion, is speculation as to the reasons which have produced this result. Were the confessional introduced in public life we have no doubt that an overwhelming majority of the 214 would admit that their reason was the one so cynically, or so innocently, avowed by the Attorney-General. They do not believe that female suffrage will bring better government; in their hearts they dislike it; but it is bound to come, and therefore they vote for it. We doubt whether a more candid avowal of a total absence of public principle was ever made, even by a political lawyer, than the Attorney-General's speech on Tuesday. "Whether I oppose it or not, the thing will pass. Why, therefore, incur the useless odium of opposition to the inevitable?" Fie, fie, Mr. Attorney! This will never do. For what becomes of all the solemn humbug of public life? The Attorney-General seemed to feel that he had gone a little too far in the direction of unconventional frankness, for he endeavoured to defend his vote upon the ground that the conclusions of the Speaker's Conference must be accepted all in all or not at all. We cannot follow Sir F. E. Smith in this extraordinary contention. It is the old fallacy of the papal infallibility of Mr. Lowther and his Vatican Council. Why should thirty-one members of the two Houses of Parliament, sitting with closed doors and without publication of the evidence before them, impose their absolute decrees upon the House of Commons?

We are willing to think that a certain proportion of the majority voted in the belief that a dilution of the male vote by some six million women will be for the good of the country. The only respectable reason for a change of opinion on the subject—which, strangely enough, was not mentioned in the debate—is that before the war some women demanded the vote with threats and violent acts, and that since the war no women have asked for it. No member of the largest Government on record nor any one of its supporters condescended to answer the charge that this gigantic measure of enfranchisement has been thrust down the throat of Parliament in gross violation of the understanding that partisan or controversial bills were not to be introduced whilst the war lasted. Large changes in the fundamental parts of the Constitution are being recklessly made at panic pace. No man can foretell



the results. But it will be little short of a miracle if this levity be not paid for by some great domestic disaster.

#### "UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE."

THE opposition in the House of Commons and in certain organs of the Press to the granting of a Royal Charter to the British Trade Corporation was due to three causes. It was very tactless of the Government to seal the Charter before the assent of the House of Commons had been obtained. It is true that the House of Commons is nowadays a negligible quantity; but, naturally, it does not like to be told so to its face. A celebrated Frenchman was accused of cheating at cards. "C'est possible", he replied, "mais je n'aime pas qu'on me le dise." It is more than likely that the Roman Senate did not relish the ironical courtesy with which Augustus or Tiberius sought their assent to acts which were already done. The House of Commons no longer matters; but Mr. Bonar Law would have saved a good deal of time if he had pretended that he wanted their assent to the Greenwood Charter. The second cause of offence was the fact that seven gentlemen (including a peer) were named as directors. They are all honourable men, two of them are right honourable men—that goes without saying. But the scheme had been so much talked about, the language of the petition and the Charter was so vague and majestic, that something of the South Sea spirit was excited in men's minds. Enormous profits were evidently going to be made, everybody would like to have been named as a director, and many people thought themselves as good as, or better than, the seven lucky ones. The chairman, Lord Faringdon, is better known to the City as Sir Alexander Henderson, the head of the stockbroking firm of Greenwood and Co. Lord Faringdon did not, of course, make his fortune by buying and selling shares for clients in the ordinary way of stockbrokers. Greenwoods "shepherded" the issues of the stocks, shares, and debentures of various Argentine railways: in a word, Greenwoods were successful railway loan-mongers, a business in which large intermediary profits are made. We do not know what may be Lord Faringdon's connection, if any, with the firm of Greenwood and Co. to-day. But it is not very cynical to assume that a good deal of the business of the British Trade Corporation will pass through the hands of Greenwood and Co., as indeed there is no reason why it should not. Two of the other directors, our right trusty and well-beloved Counsellor Frederick Huth Jackson and our trusty and well-beloved William Henry Goschen are members of firms which have hitherto been described as foreign bankers (Messrs. Huths and Frühling and Göschen), and are acceptors of foreign bills of exchange, the very people of whose prevalent influence in the banking world vigorous complaints have been heard. The other directors, Mr. Dudley Docker, Mr. Noble, Mr. Balfour (of Sheffield, not of Whitehall), and Sir James Simpson, are successful business men from the North. It was inevitable that the appointment of these men as directors by the royal sign manual should provoke criticism. Any other seven men, equally prominent and similarly appointed, would probably have elicited the same kind of jealousy. The third and most legitimate cause of opposition was the recollection that chartered companies have not a good record. The East African Company had to be wound up and packed away among the failures. The Niger Company dates its prosperity from the day when it surrendered the Charter. The most famous of all, the British South Africa Company, has never paid a dividend, but managed to plan and finance the Jameson Raid. It is true, of course, that the British Trade Corporation is not concerned with the conquest and government of barbarous regions, at present at all events. Nor can we discern amongst the directors a potential Cecil Rhodes; but you never can tell. Under the clause which confers upon it the

power to act as agent for the Government abroad in overseas contracts, who knows what portions of the world might not fall under its administration, and who knows which of the directors might not be tempted to ape the rôle of the Colossus of Cape Town?

Let us, however, take the Solicitor-General's word for it that the Royal Charter means nothing more than the licence to use the Royal Arms, so eagerly coveted by the bootmakers and tailors of the West End. By all means let us nail the Royal Arms to the Greenwood tree and under its spreading boughs contemplate with benevolent interest the creation of a new promoting trust company with a fashionable board. For we do not think the British Trade Corporation will be much more than that. We remember the formation a few years ago by Lord Faringdon and a few financial magnificoes of "The People's Trust", a nobler and better-sounding title than the British Trade Corporation. Has the people trusted it, and what has it done for the people? We are not to be imposed on by names, whether of individuals or of things, and we cannot pretend to believe that the new corporation is going to bring easy credit to the door of the struggling and friendless genius, the sucking Stephenson or the aspiring Arkwright. We have been told that the Bank of France discounts bills or promissory notes for 100 francs in its local branches, and that its doors are open to the smallest trader with a good character or a good story. That may be in France; it will never be in England, where the days of the small manufacturer or distributor are over. The French are the real individualists, and as really democratic in their finance as in their politics. The English and the Americans (despite their form of government) are aristocrats in finance as in politics. Everything in the United States and in Britain is done on the grand scale, and nothing succeeds except it is done in the grand manner. Have we not read of the ruthless conquests of the Standard Oil Company? Do we not know the magnificence of the Morgans, and have we no experience of the arrogance of the Barings and the Rothschilds? Nay, to come down to smaller fry, have we not seen a whole block of Oxford Street swallowed by Selfridge? Every day the individual withers and the millionaire is more and more. It is a fond dream to suppose that the British Trade Corporation is going to be the nurse of the nascent Rockefeller. Should such a youth present himself in their parlour they will merely make him a managing director.

But though we do not believe that the British Trade Corporation is going to do much to assist the struggling British trader, we believe that its appearance will do something to recall the great banks to a sense of their duty towards their countrymen. The Bank of England was founded at the end of the seventeenth century as the Government banker: it has become the banker of the banks. Most of us know that the Bank of England and the great joint-stock banks, which have swallowed up the old provincial banks, have for the last twenty years been employing their deposits very largely in financing the paper of foreign traders, chiefly German. This made London the financial centre of the world, as the bankers and bill brokers and acceptors are always reminding us. We do not undervalue the importance of the fact, but the profits of the fact go into the pockets of the bankers, not into those of British traders. The hatred which the Germans—those clever people—have aroused by their methods of war will cut off a great deal of the foreign bill business after the war. The Bank of England and the joint-stock banks have an opportunity of making a virtue of necessity. They may, or rather they must, direct their attention and their funds to the financing of British industry instead of foreign trade. For this purpose the banks would do well to strengthen the management of their branches—London will no longer be everything. The granting of a Charter to the British Trade Corporation will do this great good, if nothing more, that (as old Boswell said of Cromwell) "it will gar kings—i.e., bankers—to ken they have a lith in their necks".

## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 151) BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. G. STONE, C.M.G.

THE URGENT NEED FOR MORE MEN, AND WHY WE DO NOT GET THEM.

**A**BOUT two and a half months ago Sir William Robertson, in explaining to a meeting of Labour representatives the necessity for providing 500,000 men by next July, said: "The failure to get these men will undoubtedly involve a prolongation of the war, and consequent prolongation of hardship and misery. I feel an enormous responsibility upon me, as I am asked to win the war, and it is impossible to do that unless sufficient men are forthcoming". The italics are mine.

What are the prospects of these requirements being fulfilled before 1 July? There is something more than a feeling of uneasiness on the subject all over the country—i.e., in those parts of the country where people live who realise that we are not only at war with Germany, but even fighting for existence. Whatever the results of the present call may be, it is moderately certain that the actual shortage, if any, will not be made public, and it is more than probable that Germany will nevertheless be able to form a fairly correct estimate of what it amounts to.

If there is a serious shortage, and the country is not allowed to know what it is, there is always the danger of too much being expected from our armies in the field and a possible repetition of costly partial successes just falling short of full achievement owing to insufficient reserves. Our gallant troops have suffered inexpressibly from lack of ammunition; will they suffer now, in the months which are coming, from lack of men?

The sinister activities of the enemy within our gates in fostering agitation and hindering the supply of men and munitions have received an impetus from the Russian revolution which cannot at present be precisely measured, but which it would be worse than foolish to ignore. An attempt is already being made to start branches of the Committee of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates, copied from the Russian model, which has made such a subversion of discipline. The recent strike of the engineers in this country disclosed an organisation under the Shop Stewards Committee which frankly refused allegiance to the constitutional authority of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers Trades Union; the revolt of the Kronstadt munition workers and their refusal to acknowledge the authority of the Provisional Government at Petrograd was a tragic echo of the same principles translated into an atmosphere which is more troubled than the honest but sometimes simple and credulous believers in democratic shibboleths have any conception of. "Neither the masses, nor even the 'intellectuals', understand as yet that democracy means work and steadiness."

Russia is avowedly impotent from lack of munitions, if from no other cause; short hours and large pay, coupled with the syndicalisation of the munitions industry, appear to be engaging the whole attention of the Kronstadt workmen, to the complete exclusion of any idea of winning the war. Our engineers' strike produced equally the immediate effect of stopping the output of munitions, especially of those ("tanks", aircraft, and big guns) in which our superiority was most damaging to the Germans; but it also produced an effect which was infinitely more serious in our case, and was of no importance at all in Russia—it stopped the supply of men.

The strike was ostensibly against the provisions of the Munitions of War Amendment Bill in regard to dilution of skilled labour in private yards and shops and the substitution of the new schedule of protected industries for the discredited trade card system, which has been a grave national scandal from the time Mr. Asquith's Government gave birth, under protest, to the Bill for compulsory military service, so hedged around

with "safeguards" as to render it abortive from the beginning, so far as its "national" character was concerned.

The "unseen hand" which helped to foment the strike found good soil on which to sow the tares of revolt; there were the possibly honest but narrow-minded persons who saw in the Amendment Bill a further insidious attack on the rights of labour, and who readily lent themselves to the organisation of the Shops Stewards Committee for the immediate purpose of preventing the supposed invasion of the sacred rights of labour by means of a strike and for the ultimate purpose of creating a more powerful and less responsible organisation than that of the trades union, which would make the officially recognised Labour leaders "toe the line". To such men the question of winning the war was of only secondary interest, but there is no reason to suppose that they were out for the deliberate purpose of losing the war—with perhaps some exceptions. Then there was the bulk of the dissatisfied rank and file who responded to the call. These men were undoubtedly influenced quite as much by the desire to evade active military service as by the desire to protect the true interests of Labour. These men had no actual objection to winning the war, provided that they were not called upon to take any part in the process except making any profits that were to be made while it lasted. Finally, there was the not inconsiderable number who struck because they were persuaded to do so without understanding what it was all about.

The net result was that the driving force supplied by "the hidden hand" and a certain number of anarchical malcontents and syndicalists has been sufficiently powerful to mould to its purposes such a large body of workmen that it actually could threaten to stop the war.

The Government has patched up an armistice. The strong action originally taken of arresting the leaders for trial under the Defence of the Realm Act has been abandoned for reasons which need not be commented on; a general atmosphere is created in which the autocratic methods of the Government in daring to govern democratic labour without consulting the democrats as to how they would like to be governed is made to stand out in strong relief; and the reasonableness of the men's demands—proved by the strike and threats to continue it if the arrested leaders were not set free—was tacitly admitted by the Government by coming to a decision not to proceed for the present with the objectionable Bill.

In other words, the enemies of this country have succeeded in stopping the supply of munitions at a period when the expenditure had reached a maximum, and have indefinitely suspended the passing of the Bill which was to provide us with more men and a better adjustment of the man-power of the nation to the needs of the war.

It is stated that "the Government's hope in suspending the further stages of the Bill for a time is that from a contentious, much misunderstood, and incomplete Bill it may develop into a Bill that will cover most of the points of labour unrest and meet with a general comprehension and acceptance. Negotiations to this end are proceeding between Dr. Addison, the employers, and the trade unions, and they are proceeding satisfactorily. When they are completed the Bill in an altered and, we hope, an improved form will be taken up again". And a good deal more to the same effect, pointing out why Labour was suspicious, and making out a very reasonable case for the "inherent reasonableness of the British working man", which amounts to a tremendous indictment against the methods of our democratic Government, which appears to have conducted the whole affair with an autocratic disregard of human rights and reason which could scarcely have been rivalled by Louis XIV. in his palmiest days.

In the meantime the principal reservoir from which it was expected to get the men for the Army is closed to the recruiter. The able-bodied young shirkers who,

\* Professor Masaryk on Russia (*Times*, 5 June).



by all sorts of devices, have succeeded in obtaining some kind of employment in a badged occupation are still loafing around, while real men are laying down their lives for home and country.

If Sir Douglas Haig estimated his requirements for this summer at 500,000 fresh recruits before it was known that Great Britain, France, and Italy would have to face the music alone, without any aid from the partner whose resources in man-power practically equalled those of the first two taken together, what would be his estimate now that hundreds of thousands of Germans are being transferred from the Eastern front to face Great Britain and France on the West, and equal numbers of Austrians are being hurried to the Italian front to overwhelm our gallant Ally by sheer force of numbers in the very morning of her hard-won victories?

At this great crisis in the war, when Russia is doing little, is Great Britain also to be found wanting—not on account of internal chaos following on a period of misgovernment and revolution, but on account of the machinations of enemy agents and national apostates, working with devilish ingenuity on the minds of dissatisfied workmen to procure their own ends at the expense of their dupes?

As the late Archdeacon Wilberforce said in placing military duty under existing circumstances before any other consideration: "The highest form of God's service just now is to fight and kill Germans. . . . If we do not help to save Europe from this arch-enemy of human happiness, there will be no more peace or liberty in the world."

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### AT THE FRONT.—XIV. ON ROADS.

BY AN OFFICER IN KITCHENER'S ARMY.

ROADS have always been the theme of the romantic writer; they have always had a quality which lays hold of the imagination of great men and great nations, and serves to satisfy and to express their aspirations. Nothing is so characteristic of Rome and of what Rome stood for as the Roman road, straight, aware of obstacles but undaunted by them, resolutely opening up trackless moor or impassable swamp. The great Napoleon, too, great not in mere tactics, but also in strategy, traversed the new France that he helped to make with great roads, built on the Roman model and flanked by trees to give shade to his marching soldiers, beauty to the countryside, and, though he did not foresee it, most helpful guidance as landmarks to raw subalterns wrestling with the intricacies of a map. And apart from these imperial considerations, roads have charmed the solitary walker since man lost his fear of Nature. Once Dr. Johnson found the Highlands "barbarous"; but times have changed, and Hazlitt and Stevenson have set down in luminous prose the joy of the road-walker, the fascination of a road full of curves and surprises, the contented weariness at the end of a day's marching.

With these pleasures many of us out here were well acquainted before the war. There is many an officer who blesses the hard climb up Scafell or that great walk over the four passes, Scarth Gap, Blacksail, Sty Head, and Honister (the very names bring longing and regret): the strong muscles and the hardened feet won in Easter holidays among the Lakes or on the Southern Downs have stood many of us in good stead over Belgian pavé or the unending ribbon that links Amiens to Albert, up hill and down dale with a vengeance. For, frankly, marching is not walking. The most inveterate tramp, who spurns hotels and will sleep only under the stars, never carries eighty pounds of kit, plus a rifle, plus ammunition. One walks bareheaded or in a shameless hat. One marches in a steel helmet. Walking, one is free to turn aside for every brook by the way, to lean on a gate which gives a long view down combe or valley; one can go fast or slow, run or stop to talk with the chance wayfarer. Marching, it is

the regulation step, coat collars open, heads up so far as the pack will allow, ploughing muddily through the tracks of the file in front. There is no falling out or halting at one's own sweet will. Eight or ten minutes' halt every hour, packs off, sit on the right of the road, and then the whistle blows, and straps are tightened and buckles snapped to, and off the column goes again for another fifty minutes. Happy is the regiment that has a good and tireless band on these occasions: happier still the platoon which has a cheery, plucky section that will sing through the longest day in the worst of weathers, for with music the hardest march is bearable.

Weirdest of all is the march by night. It was a great experience, going up to the front for the first time, coming through Allonville on the hill, and catching our first glimpse of the Very lights' flicker in the sky, still many miles away. It was summer, and a still night. Our road was a second-class country one, very dusty, and what should have been the "tramp of armed men" sounded more like the padding of a caravan through the desert. The soft faint scent of an August night hung everywhere, and we were full of wonder and excitement at getting near this mysterious "front" that we had heard so much of; not one of us, however soaring our imagination, got near the reality: this much we admitted afterwards. But it was on the slope of this hill that we first felt the thrill of the reality of war. Later in the night we knew real weariness. We expected to billet in the first village that we reached on the Amiens road. But we came to the village, we passed on, we even halted at the far end of it. But still no word of billets, and as we fell in once more, and breasted the long slope up from Pont-Noyelles, we became confirmed pessimists, mistrusting our O.C. and our Brigade Staff, who had lured us out on this endless road. We were on the great Albert road by now, and nothing could be seen but an endless avenue of trees with a faint and distant glimmer at the end. Really we marched about two and a half kilometres from Pont-Noyelles, but it seemed like two leagues, and it was with deep relief that we fell upon the vile farm billets of Lahousse. Things are better now, but this was in 1915, and we were the first British troops to occupy that village. The road carried no romance for us that night. It spoke of nothing but hardness and infinite distance. But the romance was there for all that, and later we remembered it.

For the march that night was a proper route march as laid down in Field Service Regulations, distances and times being duly observed. The road was good and dry, and we were the only people on it. We could count certainly on so many miles per hour and, which interested us more, we reached dry billets with dry feet. These were the days when the Fricourt line, except for mining, was a health resort, where it was considered bad form to make too much play with artillery, and single men could walk to within two hundred yards of the front line, in full view of the Boche, and yet unsniped. We had not yet bought our grim experience at Loos. Most of us believed in machine-guns, but none knew what a box-barrage was, and the Stokes gun was still in the experimental stage. The roads seemed good then even to men used to the tarred macadam of Surrey: and so in fact they were. But, except for the great road to Albert, they were just ordinary country roads, meant for great hay wains and slow French cart horses. All through that winter they endured the ordinary routine of lorries, guns, limbered wagons, and marching infantry. The signs were already ominous when spring succeeded winter and gave a respite and the chance of repair. And then preparations for the "Great Push" started, and traffic increased tenfold, and an occasional rainy day gave us a foretaste of what the words "traffic and transport difficulties" really meant. It was in September and October, with the autumn rains just beginning, a base two miles behind the old line, and work being done at least six or seven miles beyond

that line, that the importance of roads to an Army was borne in upon us.

It was worst in the village, for a road must be drained into great ditches dug on either side, and the mud must be continually swept off it. But the long, straggling village street allowed of no ditches, for the blank walls of the barns abutted on the road. Similarly, sweeping mud off the road was like the labour of Sisyphus. It simply flowed back again. They took to banking it up on the sides, and what had once been a path became a nine-inch bath of slime into which one fell at night. And as fast as they removed it the mud welled up again in the centre of the road. Tons and tons of road metal were laid down: the bottomless pit engulfed them all and asked for more. The surface grew no higher nor drier nor more level. To this day the problem of that road is still unsolved.

It was not the violence of the traffic which caused the trouble: it was the volume and the continuity. All day and most of the night the two streams flowed past one another, or more often stood stationary for an hour at a time, held up by a skidding lorry a mile away or some wagon driver who had halted in the middle of the stream. Every kind of man and vehicle could be seen. The bulk were heavy lorries, hard to handle, fighting desperately for a sure footing on the crown of the road. Sometimes an unusually bad hole would jerk the steering wheel out of control, and the whole affair would sink into the mud at the side. Then the back wheels would revolve madly: mud would fly and tempers would break. Sometimes non-skid chains or judiciously applied timber would save the wreck, and the stream would flow on, more congested than ever. More often it was a case of waiting for a "caterpillar" to come along and tow the lorry out. For a "caterpillar" will jerk a 12-inch howitzer gun-carriage as lightly as a man throws a ball from hand to hand, and a three-ton lorry is nothing to it.

Mixed up with the lorries, and doing more to impede the column than anything else, were the wagons and limbers. Their speciality was tortuous driving: they were always seeing openings which did not exist and making a dash for them. Then, amid terrific cursings, wheels would lock and mules would kick, and when the drivers and the military police had thoroughly aired their respective views of each other the status quo would be recovered. For the transport horse or mule is the slowest thing that moves on the roads: a walking man, even a "marching" man, can easily overtake them: hence in a single column the whole has to move at the rate of the G.S. wagon. This weighs, so it is said, on the minds of the drivers, and they become very touchy and have to assert their position very firmly. This at least is the only plausible explanation yet put forward of their truculent and aggressive attitude.

These are the solid elements of the column. Once in single file, nothing except a miracle gives them a stretch of open road; their position is immutably fixed till they come to their journey's end. But in between them, around and behind and in front, flit all the more mobile units. Staff motor-cars, some with the flag flying that denotes the presence of a general, always get a clear road. Police salute them respectfully and hustle other traffic to the side: other units also salute, with a glance of envy at their easy passage, or something worse as the joyous A.S.C. driver scatters the mud at thirty miles an hour; and men with nerves frayed by a long bombardment have been known to swear bitterly at a sudden and unexpected blast from a Klaxon horn. Then come the cars of the lesser stars, not so obsequiously received, but still making rapid progress; even the little two-seater wriggles through the press somehow. Occasionally a battery rumbles by, or the parts of a huge howitzer, each on its own carriage, making the whole road and the adjacent houses tremble, and cleaving great furrows in the sludge. Along with everything, acting as a kind of filling to whatever gaps still remain, are chance pedestrians, despatch riders running all sorts of risks,

but getting through at all costs, and French civilians, with skirts kilited and tongues chattering; they are of an incredible cheerfulness as a rule, but sometimes you will see an old woman waiting to cross the road, with a solemn, wistful look, longing for the days when Méaulte was a quiet French village, with no noise but the pleasant voices of the guests in the café and the rumbling of the hay wagons in the streets.

Such is the pandemonium which "roads" mean to the infantry. They are used to marching with full pack for long distances: it is not that which wears them out: it is the constant checks—sudden starts. Like everyone else, they have their fixed place in the column, and it is impossible for each file to look ahead and see when the check is coming. The first they know of it is that they bump into the file in front of them, and the process goes on the length of the company, as railway trucks bump each other when they are being shunted. Of course, there is great variety. In nothing is the discipline and morale of a regiment so apparent as in its marching, and a platoon that keeps swinging and singing through the worst mud and the most complicated traffic is one that will give the Boche serious trouble a few miles further on. But it is on coming out of the trenches that the strain tells. Up in the line a man is keyed up to stand a bombardment, and there is a fierce joy in getting to close quarters with a bayonet. But when the relief is over, and the regiment is on its way for four or five miles to rest billets, the stimulus is lacking, the pack seems doubly heavy, and the road is very hard to feet softened by three or four days of wearing gumbots in the mud of the trenches. In twenty-four hours, with a bath, a shave, and clean kit, these will be different men: for memory is mercifully short in this war, and the comforts or discomforts of the moment are the things that count. But in this case "*c'est le dernier pas qui coûte*", and it is not hard to tell from these men's faces what they have been through.

Further on the roads get clearer, but worse. It depends, or depended, on the enemy's artillery. Names of places change according to the progress of the attack. "Suicide Corner" and "Death Valley" are now but memories: a child might walk along them; but once infantry went along them in small detachments only, wagons galloped there in defiance of routine orders, and lorries did not stop to consider the holes in the road or the chance of a broken spring. In a lorry you can never hear a shell coming: you keep one foot hard on the accelerator, if there is one, open the throttle as wide as possible, and trust to luck. The sternest task of all was to bring back a motor ambulance on this road. With stretcher cases inside there can be no thought of self, no wild dash for safety. A sudden jolt may kill a man as surely as a shell. There is nothing for it but courage and resignation and a careful skirting of shell holes. The A.S.C. have not got all the "cushy" jobs.

Nowadays the congestion is much relieved by light railways, which can be laid at great speed, and will carry trucks propelled by engine or by hand. The "Deca" track (short for Decauville) is dear to the hearts of all who have to transport shells, timber, or rations. They have funny little engines, looking as if they had escaped from the London Tube, each with its bearded French driver, a master of repartee in both languages, and a terror to argue. The "Deca" solves many problems: it lightens "fatigues" enormously. To pull a handcart full of bricks for two miles and walk back is a hardship. But to push the bricks on a "Deca" truck and then to ride back on the down grade, getting off to push by the side when speed slackens, is to get back to youth and the joys of the switchback railway at Blackpool or the White City. Decidedly the "Deca" is a success.

No romance in all this, you will say. I am not so sure. Not much now, perhaps, and certainly there is a danger of writing high falutin' nonsense about the joy with which men go up to the trenches or advance to the attack. But romance is essentially retrospective,



especially to the Briton who hates showing emotion on romantic or dramatic occasions. But retrospect softens the hard edges, falsifies the picture, if you will, but also brings out many high lights and pleasant colours that a realistic memory alone would have missed. The romance is there, though we cannot grasp the vision at the time, and only see "through a glass, darkly" in calmer years. But still we are bound to continue the search, for if only material benefits follow from this war we shall have fought in vain.

R. H.

#### AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

THE perfect definition of sentimentality cannot be thrown off with one hand, as people say; quiet concentration is needed to strike out the comprehensive phrase. Genuine emotion kept over-long until it has gone sour or stale; natural sentiment that has been overworked till it has become self-conscious, mechanical, obsessing; real feeling artificially nourished and caressed, without sense of proportion, so that giving way to it is an orgy of delicious self-indulgence—these and many other analyses of different aspects of the sentimentalist must be welded into one covering clause before we have precise and complete definition.

One of the most common and pernicious types of the complaint is what we may term the holding down of an effective note, a note which originally, in its spontaneous place and order, had a fine ring and honest value. The striker of this telling note is so enchanted with it, and so satisfied by its effect upon his audience, that he holds it down or drags it in long after its spontaneous value has evaporated. In no time we find him engineering his pictures or his preludes, his speeches or his leading articles, with only one idea—to air and exercise that fatal fetching note.

How fatal to an artist is this self-conscious emphasis of an idea, and how prevalent among successful artists, we can readily estimate. Art is good art only when untinged with sentimentality, and good artists are the scarcest kind of artist. On the other hand, America is about the most sentimental land discovered; it is not, therefore, wholly surprising that no very good American artists have, so far, hustled up over the horizon. One of the great pathetic things in life is the true American's conviction that his countrymen are clear-eyed, unclouded paragons of unsentimentality. For so thoroughly sentimental are Americans that they have made a cult of being unsentimental, superior to tradition, and the heirs to all the ages. If we properly assess this marked characteristic of our cousins we shall more easily understand their "view-point" when they described the present war as unworthy of their participation. For we may find it not impossible to suspect that their self-consciousness and sentimentality are, if not an engaging, at any rate a transitory trait of youth, something like the Oxford manner.

However that may be, Mr. Pennell, of Philadelphia, is a thorough American artist of to-day. The particular turn his sentimentality has taken is the propagandist: his text is just now "The Wonder of Work"; need I say more? Of course, some work is very wonderful, and Mr. Pennell is quite right to try to show us that modern industrial conditions are about the richest mine that artists ever struck. But, if I may continue in this slangy vein, is it the best thing for his art that he should make a song about it, and should be so very conscious of having made a "scoop" with it, and preach little sententious sermons on it in the best American way? For it is impossible for an artist's work not to reflect and express his habit of mind; so that, if Mr. Pennell is always on the look-out for the moral lessons and the sociological morals of the Wonder of Work, his drawings are bound to express the conscious picturesque rather than the subconscious receptivity by which alone revelations are gathered in.

\* "The Wonder of Work." By Joseph Pennell. Heinemann, 1916. 7s. 6d.

One of Mr. Kipling's authorities on the Jutland battle told him that, even in the thickest of the action, one would notice some individual detail or personal incident about one; but, he added, "there's no time to keep on noticing it". So it is, presumably, with artists in the thick of inspiration—their perception is intensified and quickened to extraordinary acuteness; but it has not time to keep on noticing the same thing. Indeed, it would be not amiss to say that when an artist comes to himself after a fit of real inspiration, and coolly takes stock of the resultant work, he is quite astonished to observe in it depths and subtleties which he has not the faintest recollection of producing or perceiving. But, on the other hand, if for some reason his inspiration was incomplete, like the action of an insufficient anæsthetic, when he comes to examine a passage in his sketch which he perfectly remembers to have accomplished with conscious pride, he is pretty sure to find it a very tame affair.

Mr. Pennell alone knows whether the frame of mind reflected in his text prevailed while he made this series of industrial lithographs. If so, that might account for the ineffectiveness of so many of his drawings. I can best illustrate that frame of mind by quotations. "I have seen many volcanoes . . . but this great smelter at Anaconda . . . was more wonderful—for this volcano is man's work, and one of the Wonders of Work." "Essen is pictorially the least interesting of work cities, because, first, much of it is new, up-to-date, and therefore uninteresting artistically." "No city is so dominated, concentrated, at its heart by its lone white skyscraper as Cincinnati. That is why I drew it; and, as I drew, the boy who opened and shut the gates told me he wanted to be a poet, that he was a poet . . . and so I recommended Whitman to him and advised him to attend to his gates and his poetry and then he might do something. And he asked me if I had done anything myself. If I had made good! Well, have I?" "Piling up higher and higher right before you is New York: and what does it remind you of? San Gimignano of the Beautiful Towers away off in Tuscany, only here are not eleven, but eleven times eleven, not low, mean brick piles, but noble palaces crowned with gold, with green, with rose. . . . The Unbelievable City, the city that has been built since I grew up, the city beautiful, built by men I know, built for people I know. The city that inspires me, that I love. And all America is like this, and all, or nearly all, unseen, unknown, untouched." "And art which shows life and work will never die, for such art is everlasting, undying, 'The Science of the Beautiful.'"

Well, it is easy to misrepresent a man by selecting and isolating bits of his text from their context. It is equally simple to point out the obvious fallacies in Mr. Pennell's reasoning, philosophy, and sentiment. His drawing of the smelter at Anaconda is singularly unimpressive; it is the poorest support for his theory that man's work is more wonderful than Nature's. Similarly, his reason for drawing Cincinnati, judging the drawing on artistic grounds, was very small. Nor will all the glamour through which Mr. Pennell sees New York, nor all his personal reasons for loving it, wipe out the fact that it is but a pseudo-picturesque orgy of ill-conceived and unco-ordinated extravagance. In an obvious and sensational way the bizarre and monstrous freakishness of New York City, seen from the river, is impressive at first; but fundamentally and in conception it is so wrong, so restless, and makeshift that, viewed pictorially and unsentimentally, it is soon found out. At the same time, were it seen unsentimentally and without "hot-air" ideas of San Gimignano and "noble palaces", if brutally realised as a fantastic exhibition of commercial chaos and excess, comparable in its way with the gross profusion of late Rome, New York would give a great artist great opportunity. An artist shaken to the soul by the horrors of commercial competition, as Goya was by war, would express the madness and the menace of New York. As for Mr. Pennell's calm assertion that because a thing is new therefore it is artistically uninteresting—well, sentimentality can go no further.

The relative pictorial value of man's and Nature's work (the smelter versus the volcano question) depends on two things: (1) The quality of man's work; and (2) the quality of the vision provided by the artist. An electric tram is man's work, but it is a dull performance compared with Cader Idris. On the other hand, it is certain that a great artist would extract more wonder from a gasometer than would a bad artist from the Rigi in the dawn. Some of Mr. Pennell's drawings, notably his first, two Leeds subjects, "Duisburg", "Charleroi", the "Bismarck, Hamburg", and "The Ship Yard" have a sense of vastness and domination, of crushing scale and soaring strength. But most are strangely slight in effect, as though the oppressive, the awful power of industrial energy had not affected him. And yet one supposes that he meant to be impressive, though, somehow, it has not come off. This can hardly be taken as unconnected with the mechanical and self-conscious habit of thought reflected in his text, with, in short, his sentimentality.

#### A LIMESTONE BECK.

THE steep sides of the valley are upheld by limestone cliffs, whose opposing walls are divided by a floor of bright green pastures. Under the cliffs are hanging woods with ancient trees whose rotting branches are veiled with moss and lichen. Among the trees are tumbled masses of rock, between and under which grow great ferns—lady-ferns, *lastræas*, hart's tongues, and the rarer broad-leaved *polystichum*. Here once we found, in a place unrecorded in the books, that rare spiræa-like plant, the bane-berry, growing in the shelter of the rocks in a deep, dank soil, its fruit, like small black currants, drooping to the ground. In the more open parts, where the sun shone fitfully through the trees, grew the wood crane's-bill with its large purple flowers. The very rare *cypripedium*, the lady's slipper of the limestone, which all herbalists yearn to find, once haunted and perhaps still haunts these woods. Her secret places, if known to men, are not disclosed in books.

For a mile above the village the river flows through the level pastures with an even current and a clear, bright stream. Then, suddenly, it comes to an end, or, rather, it suddenly appears to be rising from out of its dry bed. Beyond, as far as we can see, there is no water, nothing but dry stones. We walk on beside the empty channel; still there is no water—nothing but dry stones and rocks covered with a brown decaying moss of dying *algæ*. At length we come to where a beck joins the river; still no water is to be seen. We turn up the beck and follow it upwards. This, as far as we can see, is dry also, save only where rain-water has collected in stagnant still green pools. Of running water there is none. We walk up the beck, either on the pavement of flat rocks which forms its bed or on the level bank above. We plunge into a gloomy wood where on one side are high cliffs above the stream. Here, among the damp moss which clothes the fallen rocks, grows a rare saxifrage, *umbrosa*, the London Pride of gardens, recorded here a hundred years ago, and still surviving and flourishing in its old home. We pass on beside the dead beck until at length, after perhaps another mile, we hear the cheerful sound of running water. At last we see ahead a stream alive with water; it does not reach our feet, but before it comes so far disappears within its rocky bed. We rejoice to have again found a live stream and go on, glad to have once more its joyous company. After half a mile or so we see ahead a low wall of rock stretching across the stream: the rock is quite dry; not a trickle of water is running down it. Below the wall of rock is a pool of still water from which issues the stream which flows towards and past us. No drop of water flows down the fall to feed the pool, but at the bottom of the wall of rock there rises silently a steady stream of water coming from the very bosom of the earth. We climb to the top of the fall, to the level of the stream above, and this again, so far as we can see, is dry.

On Northern moors in a hot year the smaller becks often run nearly dry. I have walked beside such a beck for a mile or more and found no pool of water big enough to hold a single trout. But that was in the natural course of things. This other beck, which is in parts dry and lifeless, and in others running with abundant flow of clear shining water, is out of the common order and accustomed course of Nature, and disturbs the mind.

But the strangest part of this strange stream was yet to come. Presently the dry bed came to an end again, and again the stream ran cheerfully with rippling current through a pleasant wooded glen. The banks were hung with ferns, there were many flowers, there were deep limpid pools of the clearest water, and we rejoiced to have discovered such a delightful valley, a happy valley of our dreams, and forgot the strangeness of its lower course.

But after a while the banks of the beck grew steeper and more steep, and soon we had cliffs on either side, which rose until their tops were high above our heads. On the further side the water now washed the foot of the cliffs, but on this side there was a narrow ledge, level with the water, along which we were able to walk. There came the sound of falling water, which momentarily grew louder; we turned a projecting rock, and the cliffs fell back on either hand and then drew together, enclosing in a semicircle a deep dark pool below a waterfall down which rushed the whole volume of the beck. Stretching across the mouth of the pool was a bar of tumbled rocks and shingle which dammed the stream and forced it towards the opposite bank. Here the cliffs rose sheer with dark recesses underneath, scooped and chiselled out of the softer rock by the constant rush of water and the force of winter floods, so that the wall of cliff stood supported, as it were, on isolated pillars of stone. The stream flowed strongly straight across the pool, but—strange to see—did not rebound deflected from the wall of rock, but flowed straight into and under the cliff with swift and determined course and vanished almost silently from our sight. We wondered whither? Was this the river of the poet's dream? Had the river descended into "caverns measureless to man down to a sunless sea"? What, I wonder, were the thoughts of neolithic man who hunted on these fells? Was this a secret place of horrid rites, tabooed by priests and shunned and dreaded by all the other common folk?

We climbed the cliff and left the uncanny stream behind, glad to be once again on open sunny moors where the wind blew free and the heather stretched up to high fells a thousand feet above our heads.

E. G. B.

#### AN INSULT.

HUED like a fawn-skin frosted to sparkling the sand curves smooth,  
Clipped 'twixt grey stones sable-draped, seawrack  
darkling shagged shapes uncouth,  
Dawn-tide and sea-tide flowing in together, waves  
rippling light,  
Clear as blue air, drift slow to her tether a green boat  
streaked white.

All through a long night rowing and trawling, her  
men now strain,  
Heels sunk in sand, on brown cordage hauling, to grasp  
their gain,  
Sombre as broad knife-blades, silverly a-glitter in coats  
of mail,  
Writhing, their take gasps, seeking breaths fitter with  
gills that fail.  
Mackerel and herring flash counted over by score and  
mease,  
Watchers the while round warily hover their share to  
seize.  
Ragged and barefoot lame Judy wishes for best good  
luck



One, though the worst one, found with the fishes, that folk would chuck,  
Cursing it, away for seawolf to gobble, a worthless thing,  
Prize dear to her, could stiff limbs out-hobble the gull's swift wing.

Better her luck or her ears must be erring: "Step over, ma'am;  
Here's for your apron a couple of fresh herring; no heavier swam".  
Summons divine those kind-spoken voices to her feet unsteady.  
Halt-crossed her haste, at heart she rejoices, with apron ready.  
Coarsest blay linen, countless fretted with holes thick-strewed,  
Widely dispread now safely has netted her gift so good.  
Grateful and glad her praying and wishing, she lingers yet,  
When: "'Tis herself had a right to go fishing that wears the net.  
Call it an apron! Salmon she's after; her mesh might lose  
Fish", says a voice, "less sizeable". And laughter the jest ensues.

Stock still she stands till, gathering, her passion breaks with a shock:  
"Grief be your bed, lads, making it your fashion to abuse and mock  
Decent old rags that your betters be wearing—your ugly eels  
Spoil my good apron". Haughtily bearing the pang she feels,  
Shaken out her herrings, off she has hied her where rough ways run;  
Stalks her long shadow drolly beside her—so jeers the sun.

Small shrinks her cabin jutting cliffs under as a cockle shell.  
Lodged, how she lives 'twere easy to wonder, and hard to tell.  
Only this day tempts bolder forecasting, thus much descried:  
Lag-foot its hours, but, hungering and fasting, she has fed her pride.

JANE BARLOW.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### REPRISALS AND COMMON SENSE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Is candid thought unpatriotic, or is it useful and necessary in the study of war problems? For nearly three years candid thought has been uncommon in the British attitude towards reprisals, though swift and sure defence cannot come from unsound judgment. Sailors in a tempest would lose their ships if they tried to fumble with ethical questions instead of attending to their work, yet the British people have believed that unthorough discussions over points of right and wrong would help them greatly among the local earthquakes produced by German bombs. They have not yet wearied of saying that the German devil is the German character, while other plain facts have been blown out of sight by gusts of the most wayward sentiment. For example, a great many persons have refused to admit that reprisal enters into all legal punishment, as into the hanging of convicted murderers, and that legal punishments pass from the convicted to innocent women and children who are bound by family ties to imprisoned scoundrels. Wives and children suffer grievously in many ways when their breadwinners drift into crimes or into punishable misdeeds; so the action of reprisal cannot be limited to offenders against law and order. What follows? Reprisal being always at work in the daily protection of our social

welfare, why should it be wrong in war when a nation is attacked by illegal means? Are we fated as a people never to understand in time the meaning of a German menace? In our national character a fluent eagerness to chatter about morality is accompanied by a shocking readiness to be blind to unpleasant facts, with the result that delays in the recognition of adequate defence are friends to immorality. London was unprepared for the first Zeppelin raid, and last week she was unprepared for the first daylight raid by aeroplanes, though only a few machines took part in this attack. Suppose 50,000 machines had come in successive flights of a hundred each, turning a whole day and night into a thousandfold explosive hell. Let us be thankful that Germany's evil forethought in aircraft wasted most of its energy on Zeppelin experiments and failures. If the enemy had given all his thought and time to aeroplanes our position to-day would be tragical indeed, because we have failed to grapple well with the evident anarchy in war begun by Germany almost three years ago.

Warnings commenced when Belgium was ravaged, and through all later weeks they have continued. Yet our country has not yet learnt to recognise fully that it is futile to keep up an incessant outcry over German crimes and methods. Why does she not admit, since the fact is evident, that inadequate defence against known peril is a crime of neglect? Was it the enemy's fault that London was unprepared last week?

Month after month, while asking for "a stranglehold blockade" of the German civil population, public opinion has declared that planned attacks on civilians are unpardonable. Can slovenly thinking produce forethought? During thousands of years blockades and sieges have been recognised as permitted attacks on unarmed citizens, men, women, and children, and we have known for nearly three years that Germany had challenged this very ancient right of approved warfare, declaring in words and deeds that the principle of attack on civilians should and would be extended by her men from legitimate to illegal agencies, from traditional sieges and blockades to a free use of aircraft and submarines. How could this formidable challenge be mistaken? It defied and endangered the whole routine of legalised warfare, creating many urgent problems of various sorts; and yet it was not understood in full, else London last week could not have been ravaged by bombs in several places. To-day the main issues of the war centre in and around two vast phases of attack on civilians, one phase being very ancient and entirely legitimate, while the other is entirely new and illegal.

A just reprisal in war is a punishment for actions at variance with international agreement, custom, and tradition; but we must all remember that it is nothing more than a counter-attack when it employs insufficient power to make it an effective deterrent. What would be gained by reprisal if we used no more aeroplanes than the Germans possess? Do we wish rival and equal air raids on civilians to become a general practice in this war? New customs in fighting—poison gases, for example—are soon introduced. Our mediæval archers were horrified by the devilry of gunpowder, while munition girls are busily at work now among the superior devils called high explosives and big shells.

Five years ago, while writing a book on bridges, I began to think about the probable effects of aircraft on bridge-building, and therefore on military communications. The war came before my book was finished, so I suppressed many speculative views and hints; but it was clear to me that aeroplanes ought to be developed into the most formidable weapons of attack, and that the British Empire ought to build them by many thousands. To think in tens of thousands of aircraft is real contemporary warfare, because we could stop the U boat campaign with a threat of reprisal if we had aeroplanes enough to awe into submission all German towns within range. Not many miles of German railways would be in working order to-day if

the Entente Powers had understood the war value of aircraft.

Consider what land battles have been made by contemporary defence. They are creeping compromises that produce far too many casualties, devour far too much time and labour, and squander gold in far too many tons. If we had built aeroplanes in sufficient numbers many a million of shells for big guns and small guns would be unnecessary now. Who can explain why "tanks" have been manufactured? The main rule of weapon-making is to concentrate on the most efficient instruments of attack, and "tanks" are too slow and too local in their results to have the attacking value of swift aeroplanes. But Germany has wasted on Zeppelins as much time as we have lost on "tanks" and cranks and misunderstandings. We and our Allies are still able to prove that aeroplanes in large enough numbers will win the war in the shortest possible time.

Yours faithfully,  
WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

#### POPULAR ENGLISH LITERATURE TO-DAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Edinburgh,

11 June 1917.

SIR,—I desire to congratulate you most heartily on your article on "Popular English Literature To-day". You are right to have spaced it out in special prominence. There is far too little expression of strong, righteous feeling in this connection, so your sledge-hammer statement is most welcome. I believe there is much of such opinion latent, but it is not allowed expression. The publishers and booksellers do not find that line suit them. Similarly, through all departments of life and business, from politics to minor trades, John Bull is "cabined, cribbed, confined" to certain conventions and approved lines regulated by caucuses, parties, interests, guilds, societies, and other managers for self and partners; so that although this is nominally a free country, it allows great liberty to some to filch the liberty from others. To most people there was more liberty in the expression of thought outside of Church and State hundreds of years ago than there is now. People are absorbed with self-complacent materialism, and calls to the higher intellectual and religious life fall on ears by no means idle, but filled with sounds of personal advantage, ambition, or pleasure.

Your obedient servant,  
ANDW. WM. KERR.

#### ENGLISH PRISONERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Petersfield.

SIR,—Is it quite impossible to arouse any adequate indignation in the Government and people of these islands at the devilish treatment of our imprisoned soldiers? Had the son of one of our numerous Prime Ministers, or of some highly-placed personage, been tied to a stake in Germany and left to die in slow agony, we may be sure some efficient steps would have been taken at once; but as it is only poor unknown Englishmen from humble homes that are crucified, almost every one is apathetic and callous to the last degree. The most pronounced Moslem fatalism could not make its votaries more utterly resigned than we seem to be to what is, I am persuaded, a largely preventible horror.

Only last Friday (8 June) a correspondent from Paris stated that in one camp at Mecklenburg alone five English soldiers have been put to death with slow torture in this way. Personally, I feel just as angry and bitter about this as if these brave men had been near and dear relations of my own. We shall be told, no doubt, that nothing can be done, that everything has been done. This I totally and most emphatically disbelieve. One thing could be done as a start—as a start after nearly three years!

Several million copies could be printed of a cartoon called "Released", by a neutral observer, and published last March by the British Empire Union, and this could be circulated in every household in England and America and among the neutral nations. Framed copies could be sent to be hung up in the permanent offices of The Hague Tribunal, the Geneva Convention, and various Pacifist bodies. The name of this martyr of civilisation should be attached.

Many people, even some of those who were ready enough to accuse our own men of atrocities in the Boer War, which we conducted in the most chivalrous manner ever known in warfare, refuse to believe in the inhumanity of the Germans. Others, like Bishop Bury, make excuses for them.

Knowing as we do what has been done to men of our own kith and kin, what shall we think of our troops almost fraternising with captured Huns, giving them cigarettes and what not, and laughing and joking with them? What should we say if it was our country that had been devastated and our homes desolated, and, with this ruin before their eyes, our gallant French Allies, fighting for us in England, had acted in this way? Is it not possible to stop such shameless levity and misplaced magnanimity? Some of the raiders who met their well-deserved death on the Thames were, it is said, like the crew of the Zeppelin at Cuffley, buried with naval honours. I consider this an outrage and disgrace to our premier Service. Possibly wreaths were sent in sympathy with a "brave and chivalrous foe"! I wonder whether the relatives of the Folkestone victims sent any.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,  
C. R. HAINES.

#### VIVISECTION AND THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S DEATH RATES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The Registrar-General's returns for the year 1915 are now published, and as usual afford a very amusing comment on the claims of the vivisectors, vaccinators, inoculators, and injectors of serum into the human body.

Thirteen people died of smallpox during the year, of whom five were vaccinated, six were unvaccinated, and two were "doubtful".

These figures are rather damping to the dogmatists; and in a population of forty-four millions, a larger and larger proportion of whom annually refuse vaccination for themselves and their children, the almost complete immunity of the public from the disease of smallpox is illuminating.

Further remarkable revelations await the unbiased inquirer when he discovers, first that eleven people are recorded as having died of "cowpox and other effects of vaccination", and, secondly, that that figure really does not represent all the deaths due to vaccination, for we learn on page 26 that "in 1915 the deaths of six persons, two of them soldiers, which in former years would have been assigned to effects of vaccination appear under other headings. The causes to which they have been assigned are as follows:—Erysipelas (1 death), septicæmia (4 deaths), and phlegmon (1 death)."

When thirteen die of the disease and seventeen of the preventive a certain scepticism as to the value of the infallible prophylactic seems inevitable to the unprejudiced. The figures for diphtheria appear no more encouraging to the gentlemen of the syringe than those for smallpox. The death rates from this disease per million living persons in England and Wales during the last ten recorded years are:

1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915*
178	105	150	148	100	135	118	121	158	105

which show that this disease fluctuates up and down, but obstinately refuses to be suppressed by anti-toxin in spite of all the hysterical clamour with which its claims are supported. Croup, for which anti-toxin is not used, is fast disappearing from the world.

Ten years ago the death rate per million living persons from croup was 13; in 1915 it was 1. Seventeen years ago Mr. Paget trumpeted abroad the discovery of glycogen.

\* Based upon civil deaths and civil population.



which he suggested was to have a "profound influence" on the treatment of diabetes. It seems that he was right; for the last ten years the death rate from diabetes per million living persons has been steadily going up under that "profound influence".

Here are the figures:—

1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915.†
97	97	103	104	110	105	111	118	122	130

I hope a time may come when the vivisectors and their precious glycogen will be prevented from exercising their unfortunate "profound influence" on persons suffering from diabetes, then perhaps the death rate will begin to go down instead of up.

Mr. Paget also in his diverting book on "Experiments on Animals" thumped us with the vivisectors' supposed discovery of a cure for myxœdema, "and far more has been achieved", he exclaimed, "than the cure of myxœdema. Even if the discovery stopped here, it would still be a miracle that little bottles of tabloids should bring men and women back from myxœdema to what they were before they became thick-witted, slow, changed almost past recognition, drifting towards idiocy. But it does not stop here. The same treatment has given good results in countless cases of sporadic cretinism, restoring growth of body or mind to children that were hopelessly imbecile, etc." These diseases, including myxœdema, are classed together by the Registrar-General as "diseases of the thyroid body". The death rates for the last ten years per million persons living are as follows:—

1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915.†
14	15	16	17	18	20	20	20	22	23

It is to be hoped that the vivisectors will "stop here"! The more they apply their miraculous cures to any disease the faster do the patients perish from it.

Mr. Paget, having declared that myxœdema had been cured by the vivisectors' discoveries, when all the while it has been increasing on mankind, exclaimed:—

"Myxœdema is but one instance how the treatment of disease must have the help of experiments on animals. Those who oppose all such experiments, now that they have faced or outfaced the facts about myxœdema, must face the facts about cancer. They know that practice has, for the present, said all that it has to say; that neither clinical experience nor post-mortem work, nor organic chemistry, nor physiology, has found any cure other than operation; that experiments on animals have in the last few years given certain results that cannot be denied or explained away; that never since the world began have men got so near as they are now to this discovery that a man would gladly die to make. What do they wish to see done? They are absolutely ignorant of the elementary facts about the disease; will they advise the experts what line to follow?"

This was written and published in the year 1900. Now it is not the opponents of vivisection who have any reluctance to "face the facts about cancer". Nor are we, as this polite writer asserts, "absolutely ignorant of the elementary facts about the disease". The most elementary fact about the disease is that the more the vivisectors experiment on animals with cancer the higher goes the death rate among human beings; and that is the one "elementary fact" that matters. The Cancer Research Fund may collect princely contributions and invest them to the best advantage; they may spread the disease artificially among countless thousands of cancer soaked animals; they may write endless dreary reports in megaloblasted language which no one understands or wants to understand, and to be ignorant of which is a sign of intelligence and of a reluctance entirely to waste one's time. But the only fact that matters to mankind is that after many years of these continuous futilities the death rate from cancer has steadily gone up instead of down.

Here are the death rates per million living persons for the last ten years, during which the vain and cruel inani-

ties of the Cancer Research Fund have been pitilessly pursued:—

	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915.†
Carcinoma	500	518	523	551	568	597	644	686	698	728
Sarcoma	55	53	54	50	58	59	59	62	60	61
Cancer, malignant (disease not otherwise defined)...	367	354	354	355	341	336	330	316	311	339
	922	915	931	954	967	992	1023	1064	1069	1121

With these ascending death rates from the disease indisputably recorded at Somerset House I take leave to characterise this exhortation to us "to face the facts about cancer" as effrontery; and for my part I think the time has come for the Cancer Research Fund to face the fact that fifteen years of ceaseless cruel experiments upon animals have produced nothing whatever of the slightest benefit to those afflicted with the disease. When one avenue of investigation has been pursued for fifteen years continuously in vain, reasonable people recognise the futility of labouring any longer in a field of effort proved to be entirely barren. But vivisection dulls the mind, and those who follow the practice for long seem to become stupid. What is the use of assuring us in dogmatic language that "never since the world began have men got so near to this discovery"? That was written seventeen years ago, and I suppose the vivisectors will go on to the end of time declaring that they are just going to discover a cure. I wonder they do not say they have actually found it. They make the assertion boldly with respect to diphtheria, though the death rates refute them. They make the assertion boldly with respect to diseases of the thyroid body, though the death rates refute them. They make the assertion boldly with respect to diabetes, though the death rates refute them. Why this sudden moderation about cancer? I advise them to pluck up courage, and at the next annual gathering of the Cancer Research Fund boldly to assert that under their beneficent discoveries cancer has disappeared from the world. If, none the less and in spite of their discovery (probably a preventive injection), patients continued to expire, how simple to register their deaths as being due, not to cancer, sarcoma, or carcinoma, but to paracancer, parasarcoma, and paracarcinoma. Nomenclature is their special province, and a little Greek prefix has before now saved a delicate situation and dissipated most formidable difficulties. These scientific prestidigitators can always slip the elusive pea under the thimble with the little Greek prefix, and all is well.

This is the only way the vivisectors will ever be able to suppress the inroads of this disease upon mankind, and the sooner they "face the facts about cancer" and adopt this device the better for their splendid reputations. They need have no fear of scepticism from the public. Science is now supreme in England, and whatever incantations its priests may mumble are instantly accepted without question. How dextrous and felicitous and scientific to cover over the failures with a little Greek preposition! Forward, then, brave cultivators of cancer in innumerable living creatures! Science applauds you, and science, as we know from the noble Germans, is the only true arbiter of conduct. How glorious and soul uplifting never to be weary of watching the cancers grow in all the organs of animals' bodies!

Away with the effeminate sentimentalists who would hinder the lofty pursuit of tumour propagation!

Long live vivisection! Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!

Yours, etc.,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

#### LA BIBLIOGRAPHIE DE LA LANGUE BASQUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Oxford Union Society.

SIR,—It seems worth while to publish three items as addenda to that part of the "Bibliographie de la Langue Basque" par Julien Vinson (Paris, 1891 and 1898) which has the heading, "Citations et Références".

† Based upon civil deaths and civil population.

‡ Based upon civil deaths and civil population.

1. "The Wye Tour, or Gilpin on the Wye, . . . by the Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke, M.A., F.A.S." (Ross: 1818). On pages 76 and 77 we read: "The student of Celtick Antiquities will see a fine illustration of these Druidical rocks and groves in a French book entitled, 'L'Ermite en Provence', or manners of the Basques, a people at the foot of the Pyrenees. That it conveys a real representation of the ancient practices alluded to cannot be doubted. The Bilçar (Bil, assembly, and Çar a contraction of Çahar, old men) was not held in a palace, or in a space enclosed with walls, but in a wood, upon an eminence, which commanded the commune of Ustaritz. Two pieces of rock formed the seats of the president and secretary; another block, the surface of which has been roughly polished, served as a table, and there were inscribed the deliberations, and the decrees of the council. The members composing the assembly stood leaning on thorn sticks, with their backs against old oaks, which formed a circle. They had as much respect for this wild spot as the Romans had for the Capitol adorned with the images of their gods. Indeed, the Basques called and still call it Capitoli Heri—i.e., "Capitol of the country". On page 161 of his catalogue Monsieur Vinson mentions that "Bilzar" of Ustaritz-sur-Nive, near Bayonne. The Russian compositor omitted the three cedillas, and put Cahur. It is not certain that the word means a junta of elders. It may be either, like batzarre, simply a chapter, conclave, congregation, congress, gathering, reunion, or, like "The Ancient House of Congregation" in Oxford, "the ancient, long-established meeting". The Basks never said "Capitoli Heri" for Capitol of the country. Even if they borrowed "capitol", the equivalent would be "Herriko Capitola", just possibly "herri-capitola". But better than the latter would be either "burua" ("the head"), or possibly, as Novia puts it, "bur-tokia"; but that is rather suggestive of Golgotha.

2. "Southern France", by Karl Baedeker, sixth revised edition (Leipzig, 1914), contains some mistakes, which I take this opportunity of correcting, in the chapter on Bayonne. This name does not mean "harbour", but "ibai-ona", the good river, formed by the confluence of the Adour and the Nive. "Euskaldunac"—more correctly "Heuskaldunak"—as the Basks "call themselves", does not mean "clever people", but "Heuskara-holders"—i.e., those who have the Baskish language in their heads, hearts and mouths. Every born Bask knows that, and is proud of it.

3. "A Traveller's Notes on the Basque Churches", by Edward Churton, M.A., is the title of an article found on pages 29-45 of the "Reports and Papers read at the Meetings of the Architectural Societies of the County of York, etc. . . . during the year 1861". My attention was drawn to it by the Rev. C. T. H. Walker, M.A., B.Litt. of C.C.C., Oxford. On page 32 he says: "But there is no resemblance between any Celtic dialect and the Basque". This is too exclusive a generalisation. On page 44, "Dancing seems a part of their nature. You see the fives court everywhere". That is very true.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

#### "MUD AND KHAKI".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16, Werter Road, Putney, S.W.15,

18 June 1917.

SIR,—In fairness to my publishers, Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and to myself, I trust you will find room in your columns for this letter about my little book, "Mud and Khaki", which was reviewed in the last issue of your paper. Because, in my "Apologia", I state that I have tried "with but little success" to picture the life at the front, your reviewer asks me why I publish the book at all, and accuses me of adopting a pose of "Modesto-vanitas". (By the way, seeing that he can quote four consecutive lines of Simonides, I presume that it was a

slip of the pen that caused him to write "vanitas" with an "e" instead of an "i".)

I will tell him why I publish. As everyone knows, "with but little success" signifies "with some slight success", and, if my first book can achieve some slight success I am very well contented. I have no illusions as to my powers with the pen, and I expressed my true feelings about my book in the "Apologia". I quite see now that, to avoid the accusation of "modesto-vanitas", I should have told people that the book was a great one, and it is possible that, in order to gain the approval of the critic in the SATURDAY REVIEW, I shall follow this policy in my next preface.

I am also told, in nicely-veiled terms, that I am a sentimentalist and a sensationalist. The first epithet I pass, for soldiers are enormously sentimental, and, if I wish to write of the soldiers as they are, I must needs be sentimental myself. As for the "sensation", too many people have already told me that the weak part of my book is its lack of sensation. Lastly, there is one more little bone I would like to pick with your reviewer. He disagrees with me because I think "there is great danger that the hardships of the men in the trenches will too soon be forgotten," and he says: "That can hardly be in this 'none-sparing war'". And yet I would ask him to be so democratic as to sit on the top of an omnibus and pass along Oxford Street any afternoon of the week, and then to tell me how many people in the crowd, even now, are worrying about the hardships of the men at the front. I am convinced that, if your reviewer were to live for a month in the trenches to see how much human beings can suffer, he would agree with me about that one point. (Or is that another example of my "modesto-vanitas"?) I know this letter is unpleasant, but I make no apologies, for your reviewer has certainly gone out of his way to be unpleasant to me.

Yours faithfully,

VERNON BARTLETT.

#### PROFITEERING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paignton,

11 June 1917.

SIR,—C. C. P. F., in the current number of the SATURDAY REVIEW, asks for the enlightenment of your readers as to the "true meaning of profiteering". May I, as one of them, tell him that we already possess a very shrewd suspicion of its meaning, and that this receives a very general daily illustration in trade? Take the case of tobacco, to which a recent correspondent of yours (S.R., 26 May) calls attention in "A Smoker's Complaint"; and can anything be plainer than that the Government increase of 1s. 10d. on the lb. becomes the retailer's 2s. 8d.? Where does the difference go, if not into his pouch?

With short supplies the prices rise,  
The careful housewife rubs her eyes;  
With what to drink and what to eat  
She cannot make her two ends meet:  
The Food Controller, honest man,  
Lays down the law for all he can—  
Law and the prophet—beef and beer—  
He don't control the profiteer.

Yours truly,

MORRIS BENT.

#### HORRORS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Toll, Buxted, Sussex.

SIR,—Two of your correspondents have asserted that not a single case of a child with hands cut off has been found. I would suggest to them to read a book published last year. It is called "The Retreat from Mons, by one who shared in it". The author is Major A. Corbett-Smith, R.F.A., and I presume he speaks the truth. On page 170



I read a description of a village which had seen what Major Corbett-Smith truly calls the "hideous work of the invaders upon the civilian population". He writes: "Hanging up in the open window of a shop, strung from a hook in the cross-beam, like a joint in a butcher's shop, was the body of a little girl, five years old perhaps. Its poor little hands had been hacked off, and through the slender body were vicious bayonet stabs. Yes, close your eyes in horror; but it is right that our people should hear and know these things. There must be no false, vapid sentiment in refusing to think about them. There should not be a home in the British Empire where the facts of German atrocities are not known and where, in realising them, hearts are not nerved to yield their last drop of blood in stamping out from the world of men the hideous Thing which has done them".

Yours, etc.,  
M. R. DUNLOP.

#### THE SACRIFICE OF THE MALE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

44, Clanricarde Gardens, W.2,

8 June 1917.

SIR,—Surely this is the first time that, in a civilised world boasting of highly cultivated human sympathies, non-combatants of every category have had it in their power to dictate whether an international quarrel shall be decided by diplomacy or by the sword. It may or may not be true that the present conflict can only be satisfactorily ended by a war "to the last man and the last shilling"; but the persons to settle that are clearly not those who are without authority and running no danger. It is positively nauseating to watch the ghoulis avidity with which married and unmarried spinsters of both sexes declare that they would sacrifice their husbands, brothers, cousins, and all male relations and friends in the prime of life upon the altar of this war. Boarding houses are crammed with useless people who feel they are making history by indulging in some mild form of war work which they thoroughly enjoy, and who spend the rest of their futile leisure in guzzling food they have not the virtue to be able to provide and cook for themselves, while they send others to perdition in the trenches.

I think the very least that munition workers, civil servants, and other exempted persons, old men, old maids—in fact, every grade of female—can do when confronted by the difficulty of expressing their opinion about the war, is to hold their tongues. It is indecent, however patriotic it may seem, to sit at home in security and send the young of one particular sex to their doom. It is unpleasant enough for the proper authority to do this, without unauthorised persons flaunting their patriotism by constituting a gratuitous chorus. One is prepared to take such people's patriotism for granted.

Yours faithfully,  
ELSIE S. BUCKLEY.

#### GERMAN CORPSES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 June 1917.

SIR,—I notice that even in your columns there is still considerable cant concerning the utilitarian value of German corpses. Let who can doubt that were we in the same desperate state as Germany we should resort to the same means. And why not—even in any case? Have those who protest so much ever seen a half-gone corpse? If not, surely they have some imagination, and personally I should much prefer "chemical treatment" than to "be eaten of worms". In the form of glycerine—or at least in its nitro compound—one would at least stand a chance of getting a bit of one's own back. But with a people which still rejects cremation I suppose it is hopeless to argue.

A. HANSON.

#### REVIEWS.

##### A POET OF RELIGION.

"The Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson." With a Preface by Wilfrid Meynell. Elkin Mathews and Burns & Oates. 2s. 6d. net.

IT was Dr. Johnson's opinion that "poetical devotion cannot often please"; and probably half the world would agree with him. For the emotional expression of devotion must take colour from temperament, and temperaments differ even if they do not, as the ancients taught, oppose one another. There is, it may be seen, a constitution of mind that finds satisfaction in the Anglican communion, and there is one that seeks rest in the Roman, and each finds room for the radical temperaments, sanguine and joyous, melancholy and despondent. No universal appeal can in any case be made by one poet in matters of religious feelings and emotions.

Lionel Johnson was by conversion a Roman Catholic, and, naturally, his verse is interspersed with votive offerings to the beliefs of his adopted Church. But it may be doubted whether his creed affects at all the general acceptance of his poetical devotion. So far as one can tell, it is temperamental expression alone that counts, and as that shall accord or disaccord with the reader's temperament, so will a man's religious poems be accepted or refused. If there be instanced for exactly contrary types, Thomas Traherne of the seventeenth century, and Lionel Johnson of the nineteenth, two poets will be seen in whom burned equally the love of earth's beauty and an intense loyalty to their higher citizenship. Not the creed of either (Traherne was of the Reformed Church) or the fashions of the widely separated times in which they lived made their voices different, but the strong bias of temperament. It was for Traherne, as for Bernard of Clugny, to lift the earth up to the celestial country and to behold in both one home. But in the mind of the later poet the two might not be reconciled. He could not clothe the earth with heaven, or dress heaven with the things beloved on earth—with daisied and buttercupped pastures, with feast and song. His "present joy and peace in believing" were merged in an urgent desire for the future and eternal city, where are no "hounding winds" nor "roar of seas" nor "dark" nor "cold". Of Lionel Johnson Mr. Meynell says in his preface: "He did not seem of our world or of our era. . . . The fervours of his religious verse betoken another loyalty than the ordinary. Here he had no abiding city." This is the note struck throughout his verse:

"Eyes have their fill of light: in every voice  
Lives its own music: but the dear light pales,  
The golden music perishes. What choice,  
What choice is ours, but tears? For the world fails—  
Yet, sun and stars; yet, glory of the rose;  
Yet, eyes of light, voices of music! I  
Know, that from mortal to immortal goes  
Beauty: in triumph can the whole world die".

An enfeebling philosophy, surely, and a sad one with which to journey through life! Better a thousand times to follow that of the happy pilgrim Traherne, whose felicity is expressed in the words: "What hinders, then, but we in heaven may be even here on earth did we but rightly see?" or to accept George Meredith's wisdom in the teaching: "Look with spirit past the sense, spirit shines in permanence". Otherwise, imagine only that the "world fails" and her failure is assured. Over her light creeps a shadow and into her innocent joys a fear. A power is given to "The Dark Angel" to dominate Eden. The ban of the "great unholy ghost" becomes effectual to profane that glorious beauty of sun and stars, of flowers, of golden music wherein spirit lives in permanence.

"Because of thee, no thought, no thing  
Abides for me undesecrate:  
Dark Angel, ever on the wing  
Who never reachest me too late!

When music sounds, then changest thou  
Its silvery to a sultry fire:  
Nor will thine envious heart allow  
Delight untortured by desire.

Through thee, the gracious Muses turn  
To Furies, O mine enemy!  
And all the things of beauty burn  
With flames of evil ecstasy".

In a fine poem—we do not need to emphasise the fineness of Lionel Johnson's music—the poet invokes sorrow to temper and guard his cloistered heart.

"Sorrow, O sister Sorrow, O mine own!  
Whither away hast flown?  
Without thee, fiery is the flowery earth,  
A flaming dance of mirth,  
A marvel of wild music: I grow frail  
Amid the perfumed gale,  
The rushing of desires to meet delights.  
Sweet Queen of holy nights,  
Lady of gray, wise hours! come back to me. . . .  
Come make a vesper silence round my ways,  
And mortify my days. . . .  
Come Sorrow! lest in surging joy I drown  
To lose both Cross and Crown."

It is, perhaps, a question whether these selected poems have not the effect of rendering somewhat too definitely a ruling temperament. It is the defect of such a collection that it crystallises that which would otherwise remain in diffusion. Here is almost no relief from "robe of darkest grain". Yet *Il Penseroso* is not always sad. No one temperament is without share—more or less—in all. Autumn and winter have their days or moods of spring and summer, and with the man of letters each passing mood is reflected in, and gives variety to, his miscellaneous work. The "characteristic" and "deeply vital" vein is not omnipresent. For such reasons many might prefer to meet this singer's most directly religious poems amid the lighter environment out of which they have been taken. Of the attractive quality of their nobility, fervour, and sincerity there can be no doubt. Only—they present the austere outlook on gifts of earthly joy; they are the images of cloistered lilies upon whose fairness no earthly sun has looked or shone.

#### THE NEW COMEDY OF ANCIENT GREECE.

"The New Greek Comedy." By Ph. E. Legrand.  
Translated by James Loeb. With an Introduction  
by John Williams White. Heinemann. 15s. net.

THIS volume is commended by the name of the translator as well as its own massive erudition. The Loeb Classical Library is a welcome sign that in the most innovating of democracies the old Greeks and Romans are far from dead. Several of the volumes have already reached a second impression, and the wide scope of the library is a timely hint that the interests of the classics are not confined to the authors most lucrative to the examinee. Renderings of Petronius, the Apostolic Fathers, Dio Cassius, and Julian show the catholic tastes of the editors.

Mr. Loeb translated a few years ago Prof. Maurice Croiset's work on "Aristophanes and the Political Parties at Athens". That was a book combining brilliance with learning. The "Daos" of Prof. Legrand, which he now gives us in an excellent version, has not the characteristic French gift of brilliant generalisation. It is rather a book which appeals to the main trend of American scholarship, which is to gather up laboriously an infinite amount of small detail. Wisely, Mr. Loeb has reduced the detail in this version; the volume is smaller by one-third, and even so it will be a bit stiff for the general reader who is in view, for it is thickly spread with the names of plays, which are usually fragments of plays, and dramatis personæ. Prof. White's introduction supplies the general conclusions to be drawn from

all this detailed learning and careful deduction from obscure and sometimes disputed sources. The expert scholar will always prefer to master these actual sources before he commits himself to an opinion at large on the whole question of the New Comedy. But life is short, and the general reader who has mastered this book should possess an eminently solid and judicious knowledge of the subject, which may lead him to some comparisons in modern drama. Aristotle has had no eminent successor to lay down the principles of the modern stage, though America is pursuing in isolated monographs the same sort of detail which Prof. Legrand has worked out. His chapters on "The Extent to which the Latin Comedies enlighten us about the composition of their prototypes", "Stage Conventions", and "Peculiarities of Dramatic Technique" are among the best parts of his book. His study of the language used will be quite beyond the ordinary reader, and is, we think, debatable in parts, since it is difficult to realise at the period of the New Comedy what the normal speech of Athens was. Who shall say where slang begins, and whether a word which seems strange to us because we have so few instances of it was not familiar to the people? How far did Epicurus and Theophrastus make their mark on a degraded race? How much did the language of the stage with its glorious past preserve which was understood by the people, but not current in ordinary life? These are questions we really cannot answer.

Menander was the most confirmed of Atticists, but he did not speak to the audience which was exhilarated by the far greater Aristophanes. Aristophanes was a great poet who expressly claimed to be a moral teacher. Deliberately fantastic, he was also deliberately political. He called himself the best of poets because he had the courage to give the Athenians the best advice as citizens. He thought Euripides a bad citizen and a bad poet (we are not concerned with the justice of this view, merely with its significance), and Menander descended directly from Euripides. Menander has doubtless suffered from the predilections of the men who have preserved him—Athenæus a lover of cookery, and Stobæus a lover of commonplace maxims—but it is clear that his drama lacks the ideal and universal elements of Aristophanes and the great tragedians. It is an affair of restricted types, marked, we must remember, for the audience by the masks they wore. Out of these types Menander made, we can well believe, charming and elegant plays. But the compliment which speaks of his work as life itself will not do. His comedies make men and women who are impossibly simple, being isolated and exaggerated instances of particular vices. They are full of trivial detail and the passing and unreal appearances of life. They lack the universal touch of Aristophanes, idealism, and, as a great scholar has said, they detach themselves "from the graver issues which concern the end of conduct". Such work, whether ancient or modern, is not destined for immortality. We should like to recover the "Thais" of Menander, but, on the whole, there are many other writers whom we should prefer to see disinterred from the treasure-house of Egyptian papyrus. Prof. White recognises fully these limitations.

"The prevailing theme of these new comedies is love, but generally love of a stereotyped form. The girl is the victim of untoward happenings; the lover is one of the *jeunesse dorée* of Athens; at the end of the play we witness a recognition and a reconciliation or marriage. Grant the difference between ancient and modern social conditions, and Menander's comedies are nearer akin to the modern novel than to the plays of the Old Comedy".

Prof. White finds a parallel to the Athenian audience in "the Brahminical attitude of good Bostonians about the middle of the nineteenth century, who entertained no doubt whatever that Boston was then the centre of culture in America, and, confident of their own superiority, accepted as of right the wondering admiration of those beyond the pale".

But surely we can go to our own times for a parallel.



The wit and elegance of Menander are not, it is true, present in the cinematograph play which America sends us in miles of films. But otherwise we have reproduced all the details of his quotation given above. There is "love of a stereotyped form", rich in sentiment and utterly regardless of future incompatibility; there is the girl victim of untoward happenings, caught as a burglar when she would be honest in the rich stockbroker's house; there is the "jeunesse dorée" of America, illustrated by delirious meals in shady restaurants, smart motor-cars, perpetual cigars and cigarettes, and perfect clothes; there is the recognition (she was really the daughter a fond and opulent mother had searched for in vain for years), the reconciliation (the hero's father realised this and ceased raving about the criminal classes), and, of course, the marriage, sometimes illustrated by a gorgeous ceremony of well-dressed friends and relations, or occasionally adumbrated by the rapturous kiss of the happy pair, in which the public always rejoices. You can see these things at the next corner. Are they signs of a decadent civilisation? Pessimists might have thought so before something happened to change the temper and ideals of the world. But it is worth while to reflect that this is the popular comedy of to-day.

The differences, of course, between Menander and the writers or adapters of these plays are not to be neglected, and can be easily discovered in Prof. Legrand's masterly summary. Free speech, however, was not carried so far in the ancient world as the reader might expect. The writers of the *vœu* made a detailed study of the extravagances of the courtesan, but they did not venture to reproduce her flow of indecent and offensive language. Two fragments only attribute vulgar obscenity to women, and there are no such feminine freedoms as may be found in the Epistles of Alciphron, who in various details clearly recalls the period and taste of Menander. Menander means the New Comedy, for none of his successors and contemporaries really emerge for us as distinct literary individualities. That is Prof. Legrand's view, in which he is amply justified. He is always cautious in his judgments, and he is bound from the character of the matter with which he deals to repeat much that seems a commonplace. Thus parasites fawn and cringe and have very low ideals (when was it otherwise?), and "parents in comedy, as a general rule, love their children". "The reappearance of a child that had disappeared is generally welcomed by its parents as a blessing." "A mother is anxious about her daughter's confinement, or because she has been deserted by a faithless suitor, or threatened with disgrace."

The drama that contradicted and defied these universal emotions would be an odd sort of spectacle. It would need at least special talents of presentment which have not been frequent in this country or in any other.

#### A SISTER OF CHARITY.

"Life of the Venerable Louise de Marillac." By Lady Lovat. Simpkin. 10s. 6d. net.

IN reading Lady Lovat's book one seems to hear the tumult and the weeping that filled France in the sixteenth-seventeenth century. War rages, and again war, and with it, hand in hand, goes the pestilence. Human woe might be thought to be nearing its extremity. And then—whoso cares may find significance in the fact—two Christlike beings appeared upon the scene, Vincent de Paul and Louise de Marillac, than whom no greater helpers and lovers of the poor have been known.

The better to understand the position the fate of France must be scanned as it appeared during the lifetime of Louise. Paris in 1591, the year of the saint's birth, was in disorder because of the recent beleaguering by Henry of Navarre. And Lady Lovat has authority for declaring that the horrors then occurring "can only fitly be compared with those of Jerusalem in the hands of her Roman conquerors". All classes

were involved, so that "rich and poor met in a common fate. The streets were encumbered with bodies of the dead, and there was no one in a state to render them the last offices". Nor, adds the author, "had matters improved greatly during the year which succeeded the relief of the city".

It may, in fact, be gathered that throughout the entire period embraced by this biography very pitiable conditions obtained within and without the capital. There were, for example, the field labourers that in the account by La Bruyère resembled "wild animals" as they bent to their toil or retired at night to "their dens" to feed on black bread, water, and roots. There were the villagers that lived more decently, if scarcely more softly, but remained deplorably ignorant. There were the hospitals that were overcrowded and understaffed, even to the great hospital of Paris itself—the Hotel Dieu—of which we are told that at least 20,000 to 25,000 patients passed annually through its wards. There were the foundlings, three or four hundred of whom were yearly forsaken in the city and suburbs, and owing to an imperfect legislation for their subsistence were wasted by neglect, poor innocents, or given away, or sold to the first purchaser. There were also the galley slaves, the aged poor, the lunatics. And to all these unfortunate people Louise de Marillac came "like an angel from another world", telling them of that other world and of "a Christ of whom they had scarcely heard", and shedding upon their pitiable bodies the gentle rain of a healing and inexhaustible charity.

To relate the life of Louise is to tell the story of a preparation for the conception and founding of the great institution, "The Company of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul", and from the moment of the forming of the company to find the human life contained within the life of the institution. Never was the saying of Emerson better justified that "an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man". In the case of this foundress the shadow of her great work was preparing to fall when at sixteen she—an orphan—vowed to consecrate her life to God. It was her intention then to join the Franciscan Order as soon as she should have reached the necessary age; but by a series of interventions and overrulings of her own plans she was held back from entering an enclosed Order. It is true that until the age of thirty-eight she heard as it were at every turn, "Not thy will, but Mine", but heard always without impatience or discomfiture. And who may fail to see that this apparent denial or overruling of her desires was shaping in her an extraordinary steadfastness of soul and a more perfect fitness for the work to be committed to her charge?

In order to appreciate in their true value the earlier events in the life of this saint it is well to consider not only the fateful date of her birth and the crosses laid upon her of frail health, of the loss of her mother in childhood, of her father in girlhood, but those events in especial that led towards, while they seemed to deny, fulfilment of her true vocation. When her director refused to sanction her first vow of consecration, when her uncle made a marriage for her with a man who, though not like herself of noble birth, was equally with herself connected with the Court and the gay world, when, above all, her son was born Louise might well have regarded her first aspirations as ineffectual and nullified by circumstances. But, instead, she bore always in mind her first vow and knew interiorly little rest until by a revelation it was signified to her that that was accepted and should yet be fulfilled. In the course of the following years she received in the terrible illness of her husband and in the waywardness of her son a long training in courage, in patience, and trust; and, indubitably, there was thence developed in her that natural gift of motherhood which caused later the exercise of "quite a fascinating influence over her spiritual daughters, to whom she ever showed herself a tender, loving, and patient mother".

It was not, however, until the fourth year of her

widowhood, when Louise de Marillac began to assist her director and friend, St. Vincent de Paul, with his charités, visiting, inspecting, or forming them, that she found herself on the heels of the work that should henceforward be peculiarly her own. Charités, to use their founder's term, were bands of charitable women in towns and villages pledged to assist the poor by taking to them in their "insalubrious" and possibly plague-stricken homes food and service and spiritual instruction. Such an arrangement obviously had its defects, and the practical mind of Louise early devised a better, whereby the arm of the poor might be trained to help the poor. Under the direction of St. Vincent she thereupon formed a company of sisters of charity in but five simple peasant girls, and took them to live in community in her own house, under her rule as their head and superior.

In their minds it was the steadfast desire of both founder and foundress that this, the first active Order in the Church, should now and always avoid every appearance of a religious—i.e., monastic—order. The sisters, as Lady Lovat explains, were "to come from the poor, to return to them, to succour, to nurse, and to teach them in the spirit of their Divine Master; and, above all, to renounce a cloistered life, which would have been incompatible with the one to which God had called them". For the finest epitome of the aim of the institution we cannot improve upon the words of Gabillon in his life of the Venerable Louise de Marillac: "The sisters of charity shall have for monastery the houses of the sick, for a cell a hired room, for chapel the parish church, for cloisters obedience, for grille the fear of God, and for veil holy modesty".

Lady Lovat's authentic and comprehensive work should become known in a wider circle than that to which it is primarily dedicated, namely, "To the English-speaking members of the Company of Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul". It has an especial value in that it is the first book to deal in English with the history of the Company (now numbering 30,000 sisters), and the manner in which it is written adds to its value. Moreover, it presents many incidental pictures of the times. Father Bernard Vaughan contributes a preface that both gives an appreciation of the activities of "the white-winged sisters", and marks and emphasises many points of interest in the Life.

#### A SCHOOL INSPECTOR AT LARGE.

"Professionalism and Originality." By F. H. Hayward.  
London: George Allen and Unwin. 6s. net.

DR. HAYWARD is a school inspector. He must know the admirable teaching profession from the inside, and his intimate experiences therein have apparently led him to believe that professionalism in general is in need of very drastic criticism. A critic, however, of so large a scope should have more knowledge than Dr. Hayward has of other professions, or he will make absurd mistakes and retail much vulgar gossip and many ignorant prejudices. The greater part of Dr. Hayward's book consists of the amusing lampoons or satires attacking mainly the clerical, legal, and medical professions which are to be found in literature ancient and modern. He draws largely from Molière's laughable comedies, but there is the savager satire of Rabelais and of Le Sage in "Gil Blas" which he might have exploited. If Dr. Hayward had intended only to amuse he could have made a much more copious anthology. His purpose is more serious. He believes that the professions are great obstructive forces and dangerous in many respects to the well-being and progress of society. They have privileges, and yet are deficient in public spirit and abounding in selfishness. Recall all that has been said against trade unionism and you have a fair idea of the charges that Dr. Hayward

makes against all the professions. They are arrogant, narrow, greedy of gain, grudging disinterested labour, devoted to the aggrandisement of their own status regardless of the other classes of the community. Another branch of the criticism is that the members of the professions are very common and ordinary individuals and mostly inefficient, who have much more deference paid to them and receive much higher remuneration than they deserve from the ignorant esteem of the public. Still another accusation is that the professions are sterile and unoriginal, and that most improvements are forced on them from the outside.

As a set-off, Dr. Hayward admits that the professions are necessary organisations for storing, transmitting, and applying knowledge and skill. He does not propose to abolish them. If there are any means for improving them Dr. Hayward has not discovered them, and we imagine he knows none unless it be by exciting public distrust and suspicion.

Dr. Hayward obviously knows nothing at first hand of the legal profession, nor, we should suppose, of the clerical and medical professions. He takes all his accusations of the legal profession from a voluminous and wrong-headed book called "The Lawyer: Our Old Man of the Sea", by a Mr. Durran, which was reviewed in the SATURDAY REVIEW in the year before the war. There was much talk then of the superfluity of lawyers in public life and of their baleful influence. Since then Dr. Hayward may have observed that they are now still more prominent in Government, but he has not added any original observations to those of Mr. Durran. The latter's book was wild and indiscriminate invective, and Dr. Hayward rifles it of its treasures with equal indiscrimination. He quotes Mr. Durran's authority for a charge and then confirms it by quoting from the same source. One example may serve. To illustrate the pedantry of lawyers which defeats justice a case is quoted where a man was indicted for breaking into and entering a house with intent to steal. The jury returned a verdict of guilty of "entering, not breaking and entering". The judge was "very sorry", but he had to direct the jury on their finding to acquit the prisoner. Now in this case which excites the wrath of Dr. Hayward it was an Act of Parliament which made the offence "breaking and entering", and the judge would have been false to his oath to administer the law if he had not directed the jury as he did.

The other division of Dr. Hayward's book is "Originality", as a contrast to professionalism. It seems to be a vain and futile comparison or contrast. The professions are perhaps generally ranged, at any rate at early stages, against outbursts of originality. But that is a mark of humanity, not particularly of professionalism. It is probably not true that most improvements are initiated in a profession by non-professionals. Both for law and medicine it could easily be demonstrated that reforms have been introduced by lawyers or doctors. It must be so, for laymen like Mr. Durran and Dr. Hayward have not the preliminary elementary knowledge required. The rewards of the professions are not rewards for originality. The public pays high fees for professional skill, or at any rate the reputation of it, to certain professionals; this practical skill, and not originality, is what is sought.

It appears that in America there is a book "exposing" doctors as Mr. Durran has exposed lawyers. Dr. Hayward uses this book in the same way. In both instances very much is true, as would be any exhibition of the shady practices and tricks in any occupation. The distinction between professional and other occupations is irrelevant. All classes are so organised now that practically the distinction is obliterated. They supervise their members' conduct on the same principles, partly with a view to their individual interests, but partly also they check malpractices towards the public. There is some good in this, but Dr. Hayward does not dwell on it.



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distributing what had been sent me from Beirut, and there I  
saw thirteen bodies in the street, one of them having been  
murdered, and all surrounded by their loved ones. One  
day's harvest of death.

"One cannot walk anywhere in Damascus and not see  
hundreds of such sights. In an interview with the Mayor of  
the city as to the best method of distribution of relief, I  
learned that the number of inhabitants was supposed to be  
about 400,000; but that 120,000 had died during the past  
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Palestine Relief Fund, 110 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

### INSURANCE. THE PHENIX.

IN circles qualified to form an opinion it is generally believed that ordinary life assurance business was scarcer in 1916 than it was in the preceding year. Many companies, however, increased their returns, and the probable explanation is that the dislocation of their working machinery caused by war had partially been remedied. Policies obviously could not be issued to persons liable to be called upon to expose their lives to serious risks, except at almost prohibitive rates, but experienced managements perceived a way out of the difficulty, and many transactions were completed. The officials of the Phoenix Assurance Company seem to have been specially successful in their efforts, 1,384 life assurances, amounting to £1,020,483, and producing £44,850 in annual and £5,719 in single premiums, being completed during the twelve months, compared with 1,391 for £863,351, and £36,974 and £3,290 in premiums in 1915, and 1,965 for £1,356,053, and £48,086 and £12,411 in 1913. This office has, as a fact, nearly regained the ground lost during the first eighteen months of hostilities, owing to policies suited to the needs of the moment having been placed in the hands of its agents. It has done better indeed than most of its competitors, having maintained its premium income, recent totals reported having been £714,083 in 1913, £727,097 in 1914, £702,835 in 1915, and £714,388 in 1916. Wide fluctuations therefore occurred, but these were of no importance, being due to the receipt of single premiums and to variations in the amount of premiums yearly lost through mortality, survivance, and withdrawals.

On the other hand, a decrease in funds from £11,006,045 to £10,780,841 between 1913 and 1916 has to be recorded, and this, at first sight, is discouraging. Successive accounts show, however, that the "Law Life" fund was written down by £232,222 in 1914, the Phoenix Life Fund by £156,189 in 1915, and the "British Empire" and "Positive" funds by £163,865 last year, or by £552,276 in all; also that the consideration for annuities granted decreased from £154,574 in 1913 to £125,621 in 1914, and then to £48,563 and £50,391 in the two following years; in other words, receipts to the extent of about £234,000 were lost during the three years. Interest earnings (net) were, moreover, reduced by the sudden rise in income tax rates, the amount deducted—£21,824 in 1913—rising to £83,013 last year. In short, the life department has really remained prosperous under war conditions in regard to the payment of bonuses.

In its capacity as a fire, marine, and accident insurance office the Phoenix has also prospered, but to a far more notable extent. In the three years ending 1916 the fire premium income expanded from £1,403,803 to £1,531,873, and the insurance fund from £1,850,000 to £2,000,000, or by a considerably larger amount; the marine premiums from £597,808 to £1,369,201, and the fund from £530,440 to £1,049,534; and the employers' liability, accident, and miscellaneous premiums from £90,080 to £97,154—net reserves showing in their case about the same percentage to premiums at the end of each year, underwriting profits transferred from the three accounts to profit and loss being as under:—

	Year.	Trading.	Interest.	Total.
Fire Department ..	1914	69,614	64,042	133,656
Marine Department ..	1914	40,000	20,045	60,045
Accident Department ..	1914	11,545	3,817	15,362
Totals ..		121,159	87,904	209,063
Fire Department ..	1915	147,403	61,108	208,511
Marine Department ..	1915	100,000	27,158	127,158
Accident Department ..	1915	11,641	3,375	15,016
Totals ..		259,044	91,641	350,685
Fire Department ..	1916	135,740	53,134	188,874
Marine Department ..	1916	150,000	37,470	187,470
Accident Department ..	1916	20,060	3,982	24,042
Totals ..		305,800	94,586	400,386

More remunerative business was therefore carried on in 1915 and 1916 than in the first "war year," or in 1913, when the profit from trading carried down was £127,637. £20,000, and £11,053, or £158,690 from the three accounts. On the other hand, the profit and loss balance showed some contraction—from £283,304 to £261,949 during the three years, but a change of this character would naturally occur, seeing that securities were written down by £134,000 in 1914, by £74,000 in 1915, and by £86,000 last year; that £100,000 was added to the general reserve in 1915; and that £25,000 was placed to office premises account in each of the last two years.

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### THE FORESTAL LANDS.

THE 11TH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Forestal Land, Timber, and Railways Company, Limited, was held on Friday, 15th June, the Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, G.C.S.I., presiding.

The Chairman said: The position revealed by our balance-sheet is one of great strength. With the additions made to it this year, the depreciation fund amounts to £773,212 13s. 4d. The general reserve stands at 25 per cent. of the issued share capital, or £772,924 15s., whilst the special reserve account aggregates £450,000. We have set aside, from the profits of 1915 and 1916, for excess profits duty, war and other contingencies, £800,000. Our carry-forward to the credit of Preference shares now amounts to £46,061 1s. 4d., and to the credit of the Ordinary shares to £138,161 12s. 5d. I think, ladies and gentlemen, you will allow that those figures are eminently satisfactory.

During the course of my visit to the Argentine I spent some days in studying the operations in your factories and timber-felling centres. Moreover, I visited all the main estancias and some of the outlying cattle camps. Besides our cattle camps and forest lands, we have a vast estate of some 300 leagues of cleared land lying derelict and economically unproductive. I had many discussions with the local board as to the possibility of devising some scheme for the unlocking of this huge area for the benefit of the country and the advantage of the company.

For some time past the insistence by his Majesty's Government on two points has been strong and unyielding—firstly, that the quebracho industry must be retained and maintained as a British "key" industry; and, secondly, that there must be no risk of any shortage in the regular supply of extract, as any such deficiency would mean that England or her Allies might be short of boots for the soldiers, or saddles for the horses, or harness for the guns. We have introduced a new technical staff into our factories and they are now under training, and I am happy to say that by the end of the year our administrative staff will be completely purged of the alien enemy element and will not include one single German.

My first endeavour on arriving in Buenos Aires was to find a thoroughly competent British general manager, and I was fortunate in securing for the post Mr. Vernon Lindop. He is an out-and-out Britisher. Mr. Lindop has had twenty-seven years' experience in the Argentine, and was for several years general manager of the River Plate Electricity Company.

I now beg to move: "That the report of the directors and the accounts of the company for the year ended December 31, 1916, as now presented, and the same are hereby received, approved and adopted."

Baron d'Erlanger seconded the resolution.

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#### DIVIDEND No. 11.

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